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WOMEN'S EDITION.

FAYETTEVILLE,

THIS IS HISTORY.

"IN THE HOUSE OF OUR FATHERS."

Settlement of Cross Creek—Early Navigation of the Cape Fear—The Lovely Friend of the Bonnie Prince—Historic Liberty Point—Our Gallant Military—Look Forward and Be Brave.

BY MISS ALICE CAMPBELL.

In the year 1736 a ship-load of emigrants came over from the Highlands of Scotland and settled on the banks of the Cape Fear River, near the mouth of Cross Creek, where they found a number of their countrymen had already preceded them.

For several years, and immediately after the disastrous battle of Culloden in 1746, large numbers of Highlanders continued to pour into that section, so that in 1760 their numbers were so great that the settlement began to assume importance, and was set apart for a town. The Legislature incorporated it in the year 1762, and it was called Campbellton in honor of Mr. Farquhard Campbell, who was a very important personage among them. This colony was added to by fresh arrivals from about the same section. The place being pleasantly located for business, the inhabitants carried on a brisk trade with the people scattered above and below them on the lands near the River. As trade increased and likewise commercial importance the town of Campbellton flourished and met the expectation of its founders—trade was drawn in from Anson and Rowan which had previously been carried to South Carolina.

About the year 1765 Robert Cochran, a Quaker gentleman from Pennsylvania, came to North Carolina on a prospecting tour, and after examining the country arrived at Campbellton. He examined the waters of Blounts and Cross Creek in quest of a mill site, and finding an eligible point on the latter stream he settled there, and built the first flouring mill east of the back country. The same site is now owned and used for the same purpose by Mr. Jas. D. McNeill.

WHENCE THE NAME?

The name Cross Creek was suggested by the two streams. Blounts on the southern boundary and the larger stream running through the centre of the town crossed each other, and the streams after the crossing pursuing for awhile their respective courses, then diverge, and running on triangular lines unite, forming one current that runs on with bold force to the Cape Fear.

After the completion of the mill a store was built contiguous, which was well stocked, and wagons from the back country, laden with wheat, &c., came to trade and barter. The mill and store for many years transacted a very large and lucrative business. As trade increased it was deemed expedient to lay off streets; stores went up rapidly in close proximity to the mill, and soon Old street and Bow were completely built up, the business men all vieing with each other to catch the trade fast settling about Cochran's mill and store.

Campbellton with her trade cut off lost prestige, and all her merchants, with the exception of two, transferred their business to Cross Creek.

The second flour mill was built below Cochran's by Andrew Broadfoot, and a third by Peter Mallett. Wheat at this time came to market in large quantities and mills ran upon full time, and all the flour in excess of home demand was shipped to the West Indies and other ports. As business increased other streets were laid out, and stores built on Green, Gillespie, Person and Hay. Beyond and in the rear of Mr. Geo. Brandt's store and for some distance across Mumford street, the ground was low and swampy and produced large quantities of whortleberries, and in the proper season the boys and girls had a merry time picking "big blues."

THE BOATING BUSINESS.

Before the Cape Fear river was navigable by steamboats, the business was carried on between Wilmington and Fayetteville by lighters, owned by Paris I. Tillinghast, Alex. Campbell, Thos. Moody and the Yankee Company—a name under which they were chartered—and their first boat was called the Yankee flat. The other lighters were the Old Commodore, William James and others. Then came the desire for better and larger means of transportation, and in 1817 James Seawell commenced building the first steamboat at his plantation on the east bank of the Cape Fear river, three miles above Campbellton. She was completed in 1818, and a large concourse of people was present at the launching. She was called Henrietta after his daughter. My father accompanied his father on the trial trip down the river. He was then a lad of 6 years and remembers it very well. The first captain of this boat was Charles Taws. The first agent was William L. McNeill. Capt. Taws was succeeded after a short time by Capt. Benjamin Rush, who held command of her for thirty years. A few years later James Seawell built the "North Carolina," the second boat owned by a company, and she was commanded by Captain Taws, Duncan Thompson being the largest stockholder. The "Cotton Plant" was the next, built and commanded by Doyle O'Hanlon. Then came the "John Walker," followed by the "Evergreen," "Magnolia," "Governor Graham," "Chatham," "Sun," "Kate McLaurin," "Fannie Lutterloh," "Flora McDonald," "A. P. Hurt," "Governor Worth," "D. Murchison," "North State," "Cape Fear," etc.

FLORA MCDONALD,

The heroine of Cross Creek, was born at Milton, in the Island of Uist, Argyleshire, Scotland, in the year 1720. Highly educated, at an early age her mind was stored with learning, as well as deeply imbued with a veneration for the system of clanship and loyalty to the existing house of Stuart. In her teens she was sent to Edinburgh to complete her studies, and to acquire the grace and polish suited to her station in life. Her education completed, she returned to her native home, and soon became enthused with the idea of helping in every way the bonnie Prince, for whom she endured hardships and sacrifices innumerable, being instrumental in conceiving and carrying out a plan for his escape.

The battle of Culloden in 1746 gave the death blow to the hopes of the house of Stuart, and the Prince became a fugitive and his followers dispersed. Taken prisoner, Flora was carried to London and confined in the Tower for many weary months, but receiving many pleasant attentions and numerous gifts. She was afterwards released from the Tower and became the guest of Lady Primrose, and whilst with her her portrait was painted for Commodore Smith, who commanded the vessel in which she was taken away as prisoner. Copies of the portrait were soon scattered throughout the kingdom, and crowds of the higher class came to pay their respects to the lovely heroine. She was presented, on leaving Lady Primrose, with a knitted purse containing £1,500, besides valuable jewels, one a lovely ring, set in diamonds and emeralds, with this inscription: "Flora, Defender of the White Rose." Flora accompanied the Prince to Portaree and there bade him adieu. On parting he kissed her, and said: "Gentle maiden, I entertain the hope that we shall yet meet in the Palace Royal." They never met again. The hopes of the Prince were as unsubstantial and evanescent as the shadows of the clouds and the fogs that rest upon the hills. His escape was the result, not of his chilvalry or courage but, of woman's tenderness and the loyal feelings of Scottish hearts.

In 1750 she married Alexander McDonald of Kingsboro, son of Kingsboro (who aided in the Prince's escape), lived in comfort and was very happy. In the year 1775 Flora and her husband joined the emigrants who were leaving their native hills to better their fortunes on the other side of the Atlantic, and sailed from Campbellton, Kintire, for Wilmington, North Carolina, on board the good ship Baliol. The fame of her early years had preceded Flora to the Western World; and, upon her arrival at Wilmington a grand ball was given her, at which she received many attentions.

Proceeding to Cross Creek, she there received a truly Highland welcome from her old neighbors and kinsfolks, who had preceded her but a few years. The strains of the pibroch and the martial airs of her native land greeted her on her approach to the capital of the Scotch settlement. In that village she remained some time, and made her home on the banks of the beautiful Cross Creek, where the soft plashing of the waters served as a sweet lullaby to her soul after the troubles and turmoils of her restless life. Whilst her husband went to the western part of Cumberland in quest of land, she visited Mrs. Rutherford, afterwards Mrs. McAuslin, who lived at the time in a house known as the Stuart house, north of the Presbyterian church. She there saw a painting which represented "Anne of Jura Assisting the Prince to Escape." "Turn the face of that picture to the wall," said she; "never let it see the light again; it belies the truth of history. Anne of Jura was na' there and did no help the the bonnie Prince." For a time she resided at Cameron's Hill, in Cumberland, and attended preaching at Longstreet and Barbecue, two Presbyterian churches.

In 1775 Gov. Martin, determining to raise from among the Scotch Highlanders a body of men to be sent to Boston and mustered into the royal Highland Emegrant Regiment, invested Kingsboro with the chief command and with the commission of Brigadier General.

Early in January, 1776, Kingsboro McDonald bought of Caleb Touchstone a tract of land on the borders of Richmond and Montgomery counties, and named the place Killegrey. Here two of Flora's children died, and the owner, McLelland, kept the spot fenced in, sacred to the memory of Flora's offspring. When the royal banner was unfurled at Cross Creek, 1776, and the regular army marched toward Brunswick under command of Brig. Gen. Donald McDonald, an officer sent by Gen. Gage, who ranked Kingsboro, Flora's husband, she followed her husband and encamped one night on the brow of Haymount, near the site ot the U. S. Arsenal. In the morning the army took up its line of march; and, after breathing an earnest prayer for the safe and speedy return of her husband, Flora retraced her steps, with her true and tired friend, Malcolm McLeod, to her home at Killegrey, spending the first night of her journey at Longstreet.

The defeat of the Royalist army and the capture of her husband at Moore's Creek distracted the fond heart of Flora. Her husband was confined in Halifax jail until peace was restored. After he was liberated he was officered in a loyal corps of North Carolina Highlanders; but, although America suited Flora botter, yet her husband thought it advisable to quit a country that had involved them in so much anxiety and trouble.

So at a favorable season they returned to their native country, leaving two sons, Charles and Donald, in New York. Alexander was at sea. She had two other sons, James and John, also two daughters, Ann and Fannie. On their return to Skye they were cordially received by a host of relatives and friends.

Flora was called to her rest on the 5th of March, 1790, in her 69th year. She was interred in the burying ground of Kilmuir in Trettermith, which enclosed the tombs of the Kingsboro family. Her funeral was attended by four thousand persons, some of high rank and distinction. Flora McDonald was good as well as great, pious as well as patriotic.

"Flora McDonald! A name that will be mentioned in history, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honor. She was a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners and elegant presence." So says Dr. Johnson.

Thus was Flora McDonald. She who once was beautiful as a flower of the morning now reposeth beneath a green hillock, and no monument perpetuates the memory of her faithfulness or her achievements. Thus the beauty of the world shall pass away. Massachusetts has her Lady Arabella, Virginia her Pocahontas and North Carolina her Flora McDonold.

AN HISTORIC SPOT.

Liberty Point is situated at the angle made by the junction of Bow and Person streets, and was named in commemoration of the acts of the Whigs of Cross Creek and county. With Robert Rowan as their leader, they met to consult for the common weal and associate in defence of their liberties. Articles were drawn up then and there, protesting against the arbitrary acts of the crown, and pledging themselves when called upon by the Provincial Congress, if need be, to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in their struggle for independence. This document is one month later than the Mecklenburg resolves, and antedates the National Declaration of Independence 12 months. The name Liberty Point commemorates the event and comes down to us by tradition.

CHANGE OF NAME.

In 1789 the General Assembly changed the name from Cross Creek to Fayetteville, in honor of that distinguished patriot and French nobleman, Marquis de LaFayette, who had so nobly and unselfishly aided the colonies in their struggle for independence. It is a matter of congratulation to us that it was the first town in the United States which had so honored him.

Fayetteville was the center of a very heavy trade. She supplied East Tennessee, South-west Virginia, all of the intermediate country, and all the counties north south and east of Cumberland with general merchandise, while large quantities of produce were brought into Fayetteville in covered wagons.

THE FAYETTEVILLE INDEPENDENT LIGHT INFANTRY.

The Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry was organized August 23, 1793, and has successfully kept up its organization without interruption till the present day. At that time war threatened all the European powers, and the hostile attitude of Spain toward the United States filled the people of the South with indignation, and military companies were raised in various sections. So the F. I. L. I. held themselves ready should their assistance be needed. In 1797 war was threatened between the United States and France. The F. I. L. I. was again ready for the conflict. In 1807 when war was so imminent between our country and England they eagerly and patriotically tendered their services. In the war of 1812 they made ready and their services were accepted in 1813. They departed for Wilmington, fully equipped and eager for the fray, and were in service until discharged. In 1861, when the civil war came on, this company, with the LaFayette Light Infantry, volunteered among the very first, and were actively engaged in the Battle of Bethel, and afterwards furnished many gallant and efficient officers for the Confederate service.

So during the 102 years of their existance as a military company they have been twice actively engaged and twice ready for service. They are now, as ever, a staunch, brave set of fellows, ever ready at a moment's warning to serve their country, and dare and die for her, if need be. They adopted at their organization, at the suggestion of that great and good man, Wm. Barry Grove, this quaint motto: "He that hath no stomach to this fight, let him depart."

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

In 1818 a general canal was projected to connect the Cape Fear River at Campbellton with the same stream in Chatham county. After expending large quantities of money the project was abandoned. It was for a long time known as "Seawell's Folly," and traces are to be seen of it at the present time.

In 1820 the first bridge over Cape Fear River at Campbellton was completed. The orator on the occasion was George T. Hearsy, and at the close of the services a bottle of wine was broken on the bridge, and it was named "Clarendon,"

THE GRAVE OF HAMMOND.

In 1824 the water works that supply our city was built, the water being conveyed through pine logs, which were bored by machinery, propelled by water power, the boring apparatus being at the north end of Eacles dam. This water supplied almost the whole town. Previous to this time all lower part of Fayetteville had its drinking water from the famous Cool Spring.

It was at this Spring the F. I. L. I. company always met for drill, and near there, neath the cool shade and by the limpid water, on a little knoll, was laid to rest the old fifer Isaac Hammond who had served the company more than a score of years. It was his dying request to be buried on this spot where he could in spirit be near the company he loved and served so faithfully; where he could hear the sound of the musketry. He was buried by them with military honors and a volley fired over his grave. Louola (Mrs. Miller) has given expression to the fifer's dying wish in the following beautiful lines:

"Lay not my weary bones to rest
Beneath the churchyard's solemn shades,
Nor where my friends and kindred sleep,
Together in the distant glade:
But bear me to yon rippling stream;
There turn for me the verdant sod:
Commit my body to the dust,
My spirit to the soldier's God.

"Martial music proudly tread,
The stars and stripes above me wave,
And lay my fife beside me there,
I'd miss it even in the grave;
And when ye rest beside the spring
At morning's dawn or evening's gloom
Discharge a volley o'er the spot
And cheer the silence of the tomb."

MARQUIS LAFAYETTE.

The event of the year 1825 was the visit of the great hero, Gen. LaFayette, to our city. Hon. John D. Toomer was the orator of the occasion. LaFayette arrived in the morning, and was met at the Clarendon bridge by the F. I. L. I. and artillery company, with a large concourse of people from the town and county. The Cumberland Light Horse had gone in advance to meet the General who was being escorted by the Mecklenburg Light Horse. The General, with Gov. Burton by his side, occupied the foremost carriage; next came Geo. Washington LaFayette with the general's staff. This carriage was followed by carriages bearing other distinguished North Carolinians, who fell in line and proceeded up to the Town Hall, where a stand had been erected, where Judge Toomer, in his welcome, reminded him that the town had been called for him.

The reception over, he was escorted by the F. I. L. I. Co. to his headquarters over the State Bank on Gillespie street, where he received an address of welcome by Duncan K. MacRae, a lad of 6 summers. He had a sumptuous dinner served in his honor, and at night a complimentary ball was given in the Donaldson Hotel, the General and his suite being present. This was a joyous occasion to the belles and beaux of our little town, and all were eager to press the hand of the old hero. The ladies, old and young, he saluted with a kiss. During the second day of his visit, while holding a reception at his headquarters, a very touching incident occurred. He was told that an old comrade, a fifer in the Continental Army, was present. He wished to see him. Soon a tall, venerable man appeared, and all was silent for a moment. Every eye was riveted on these two old soldiers who, without an introduction, after the lapse of so many years, recognized each other. They embraced and tears dimmed their eyes. When they grew calm they had much to say to each other, and fought anew the battles of Brandywine and Yorktown. The old fifer was Isham Blake, who has many descendants in this town.

On the morning of the third day the General left under a mounted escort for Cheraw. So ends the visit of this noble hero.

THE GREAT FIRE.

The next event of importance to our town was the fire of 1831, which left houseless and utterly homeless thousands of people. It occurred on the 27th day of May, at about high noon, on Sunday, originating in the kitchen of Mr. James Kyle, on the northwest corner of market square. The day was sultry, the weather dry and fire spread rapidly.

When the dim twilight gathered around there was nothing left but blackened chimneys standing like grim sentinels, keeping watch over the smouldering ruins. All the houses on Hay, Maiden Lane, Anderson, Gillespie, Person, Old, Bow and Green streets were in ashes. Three churches succumbed—Presbyterian, Roman Catholic and Episcopal. In the steeple of the last named was the town clock; and, as if intent on doing its duty to the last, just as it fell it struck 3.

The news of this terrible disaster spread on the wings of the wind and soon came pouring in from our friends North and South large contributions of supplies of all kinds, besides the sum of $95,000 sent to the authorities. Mr. John W. Wright was Mayor at the time, and took charge of the funds, and in proportion to the loss of the people, the money and supplies was meted out to them. Baltimore was the largest contributor in provisions, Boston in money. Before our people could recover from this terrible desolation two other fires occurred—one in 1845, and another in 1846, which paralyzed their efforts. Can it be wondered at that our dear old town has not pushed forward and advanced as others have considering the many and severe obstacles, thrown by the hand of fate to trammel her?

However, notwithstanding all her reverses and difficulties innumerable, her people have gone along patiently and persistently doing what they could in a quiet way, always ready and willing to lend a helping hand to others more needy than themselves. We had many energetic men who planned and labored for the good and welfare of the town. Trade poured in, and business flourished; we had many manufactories of various kinds, tanneries, carriage manufactories, shoe factories, cotton factories, four in number in the town, and several in a few miles outside. These gave employment to hundreds of persons. Besides we had mills—flour, grist and lumber, which kept all busy, and plenty and prosperity reigned. All were happy and comfortable, peaceful and contented.

THE CIVIL WAR.

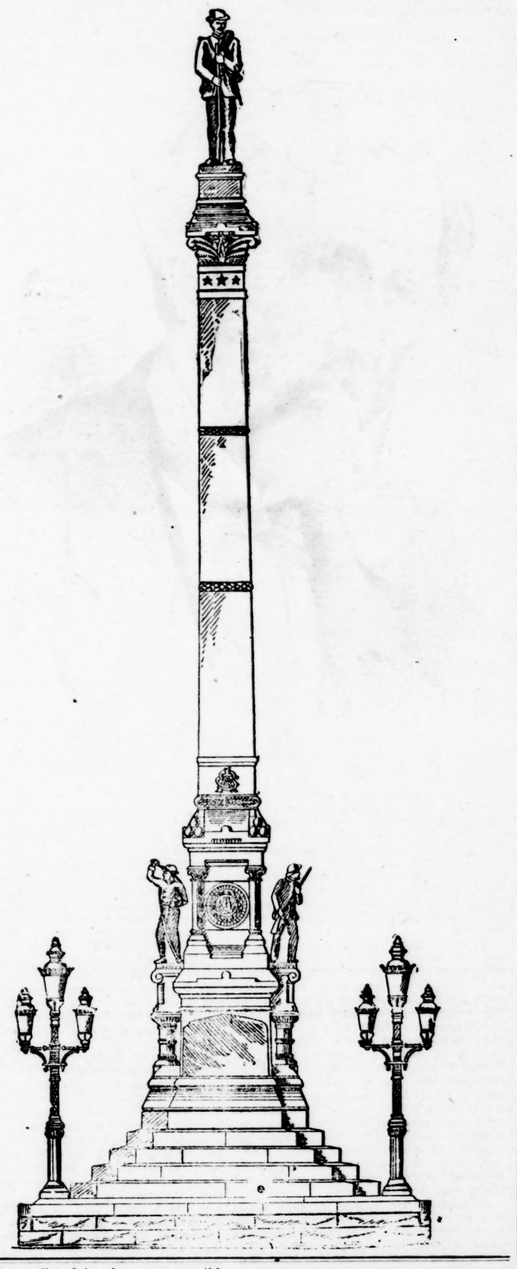
But alas! an end must come to this tranquility. In 1861 this beautiful South was destined to be deluged in blood. On the issuing of the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln the hearts of our people were fired with indignation and the smell of war was in the air; and North Carolina, our dear old State, always in the right, after careful deliberation quietly joined her seceded sisters. I will not attempt a description of the harrowing events that transpired in our town. None who lived at that period can ever forget them. They are burned on the tablets of their memories with coals of fire never to be forgotten.

Our beautiful town was devastated; our Arsenal, the pride and ornament of Fayetteville, was burned and battered to the ground; our factories were laid waste by the torch; our mills destroyed; private property mutilated in the worst possible manner. All was turmoil and confusion. This came of Sherman's entrance into Fayetteville on the 11th day of March, 1865, and all this destruction of property, &c., and much more more than I have said was the result. Very soon the end came. Just one short month later, on the 11th of April, 1865, our noble Lee surrendered. I will not attempt to say why or how—but it sufficeth.

The hearts of our people were shrouded in grief, but they are not a people to repine; they found they must be up and doing, and they went bravely to work, being satisfied with small things. God has blessed us in many ways. Our business has increased; we have railroad communication to various points, putting us in close connection with the great cities north and south; we have fine institutions of learning, both male and female; we have the best social and religious privileges that could be desired; we have the bravest men, the purest women and the prettiest girls in the land—and what more could we ask?

Although we are not a rich people, yet with brave hearts and willing hands, with the blessings of God resting upon our efforts we may yet be a prosperous and powerful people.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT RALEIGH.



THE GREAT WEST.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

Uncle Sam's Pleasure Ground—The Wonderful Geysers—You Catch Your Fish and Cook Him—John Chinaman Puts Out a Volcano.

BY LILLIAN TAYLOR SLOCOMB.

We left home June 22, 1890, for our trip to the West. On reaching New York, we took a Hudson River boat for Cornwall, where we waited a few minutes for the West Shore train to take us to Saugerties—a lovely town on the Hudson River. After spending a week at Saugerties, we started on our long journey (indeed it seemed long to me, a little girl of ten years), stopping at Albany, Niagara and Chicago. From Chicago to Faribault—a beautiful town fifty miles from Minneapolis and St. Paul—my cousin and a friend joined us at Faribault, where we began our trip to Yellowstone National Park.

This magnificent national plaisance is located in north-western Wyoming, in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. In 1892, by act of Congress, this interesting stretch of public domain was set apart as a national resort and pleasure ground for the enjoyment of the people.

THE START FOR YELLOWSTONE.

We left St. Paul at 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, arriving at Livingston at 11 o'clock Friday morning. Here, on changing cars for Cinnabar, one of our party made the acquaintance of a New York merchant who had traveled in our car from St Paul and had attracted much attention. He made himself very agreeable, and was invited by one of the ladies to join our party, as he was alone, and was on his way to Seattle to visit his mother, but intended going through the park on his return. He, however, concluded to join our party. We found him very agreeable, and helpful in many ways.

PARADISE VALLEY.

From Livingston to Cinnabar is a distance of fifty miles through Paradise Valley. This valley has been settled by ranchmen for twenty-five years, being exceedingly fertile and well adapted to stock-raising. Cinnabar, the terminus of the Park Branch Rail Road, derives its name from Cinnabar Mountain. From the station to the mammoth Hot Spring Hotel, seven miles distance, conveyances, consisting of six-horse tally-ho coaches, hacks, carriages and surreys, are used. The ride is especially pleasant after traveling in the cars. The carriage road is along the Gardiner river, a characteristic mountain stream—clear and rapid, and a favorite resort for the angler. Within two miles of the hotel, the road leaves the river for the ascent of the mountain.

The hotel being some 800 feet above the Gardiner, the magnificent mountain scenery attracts the traveler, and is especially fine when seen from the top of the tally-ho.

Boiling River empties into the Gardiner, and is famous from the fact that fish may be caught in the cold stream, and cooked in the hot without changing your position.

LIBERTY CAP.

Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, the largest in the park, has accommodations for four hundred guests. Hot water from the Hot Springs is conducted through the house, while a distant mountain stream supplies the cold water. The hotel is also supplied with incandescent lights and all modern improvements. A Western Union Telegraph office is located here, and the telephone connects with all the hotels in the park. The Hot Springs, with their beautifully colored terraces, are but a short distance away. Here, at Camp Sheridan, a company of United States cavalry is stationed, the commanding officer being superintendent of the park. Cavalrymen are scattered through the park to protect various objects of interest, and to see that no specimens are removed. Another wonder of nature attracts the tourist here—Liberty Cap. This is the cone of an extinct hot spring or geyser, 52 feet high and 20 feet in diameter at its base.

A ROAD OF GLASS.

We arrived at the Hot Springs one afternoon, and the next morning at 9 o'clock we left for our trip through the park. The scenery between Hot Springs and Golden Gate is the most beautiful in this country. The Golden Gate is 1,000 feet higher than the Hot Springs. Six or eight miles south of Golden Gate, we came to Obsidian Cliff, a mountain of volcanic glass. The greater part of this mineral glass is jet black, and quite opaque, with variagated strata of red and yellow. The road at the base of this mountain is glass. We were told that the construction of this road was accomplished with great difficulty. The use of blasting powder being out of the question, great fires were built around the huge blocks of glass, which, when expanded, were suddenly cooled by dashing water upon them, shattering the blocks into fragments. This is probably the only piece of glass road in the world.

We next came to Beaver Lake, across which more than a dozen beaver dams are built. It is about one mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. A beaver house, still inhabited, is located near the west shore of the lake. Roaring Mountain interested me very much. It is believed that some day it will break forth in eruption. It is smoking constantly, and a noise like thunder is heard for nearly a mile.

NORRIS GEYSER BASIN.

At 12 o'clock we came to Norris Geyser Basin, where we had dinner, and made the acquaintance of several pleasant people. We preferred to walk over the Geyser Basin, as carriages are not allowed to pass near the geysers. This Geyser Basin covers an area of six square miles, and is very interesting, though it appears insignificant upon the return trip. One hears, on entering this place, a terrible noise and rumbling; and the hissing of escaping steam and very unpleasant odors excite a feeling of fear. The Steam Vent, Black Growler, Mud Geyser, Monarch Geyser and Emerald Pool, comprise the chief attractions of this Basin.

The Steam Vent, situated at the left of the road, is very interesting. Sufficient steam is constantly escaping to move a long railway train, were it possible to utilize it. This steady discharge of internal heat, producing a noise that is deafening, has been known to exist seventeen years. Black Growler, with its chimney-shaped opening, is quite near the road. Very little water is thrown out, while a large quantity of steam is constantly escaping, producing a peculiar sound. The deposit surrounding it is of inky blackness. The first geyser we saw, the Constant and Minute Man, has an eruption every sixty seconds, but throws a stream only forty feet. Emerald Pool, a handsome, emerald-tinted spring, fifty feet across—a sulphur-lined basin with coral walls most beautifully shaped—is translucent to an appalling depth. It is an overflowing, quiet fountain of very hot water.

There are many other beautiful springs, but I have neither time nor space to describe them.

"HELL'S HALF ACRE."

At 3 o'clock we started for Lower Geyser Basin. There we saw the Mammoth Paint Pots, and Fountain Geyser. The road throughout the entire length of Gibbon Canyon could not have been better constructed to afford a thorough inspection of the wild beauty of rock and glen and of many charming cataracts of this region. Next we came to a great boiling pool, which the driver told me was "Hell's Half Acre," or Excelsior Geyser. This is the largest of all the geysers. The present size of the crater is 250 feet in width by 400 feet in length, and the process of enlargement continues. We were told that there had been a great change in the appearance of its crater within the last two years. It is thought that it will, in time, undermine Turquoise Spring and Prismatic Lake. This wonderful Geyser has no regular time for an eruption, and few are so fortunate as to see it, we being among the few. Immediately preceding an eruption a terrible upheaval occurs, raising the entire volume of water in the crater 60 feet, when instantly two or three loud explosions occur, followed by volumes of water shooting upward, and masses of rocks are thrown up to a height of 250 feet. Tons of rock in this way have been thrown into Firehole River, which is fully 500 feet from the crater. Probably the most beautiful spring in the park is Prismatic Lake, in the centre of which the water is deep blue, changing to green, while the shallow portion of the lake is yellow and deep orange. Around the edge is a brilliant red deposit, which shades into purple, brown and grey.

OLD FAITHFUL.

The principal geysers are situated in Upper Geyser Basin. The air is laden with sulphurous fumes, and the earth thrills with rumbling, gurgling sounds. The various geysers in this basin are not in action at once, the eruptions being irregular. Many geysers, too, which now exist will sooner or later cease operation and new geysers will take their places. The friend of the tourist is Old Faithful Geyser, which has an eruption every sixty minutes, day and night, and throws a stream 150 feet. To the right of old Faithful is the Castle, Bee Hive, Sapphire Pool, out of which the Giantess plays. Near by are the Lion, Lioness, and two Cubs, and many others.

We were very much intetested in the bears. The hotel keeper invited us to go into the wood in the rear of the house to see the bears take their supper; for several weeks they had been in the habit of eating from his hand. We put on our heavy wraps and started out about 9 o'clock. Some of our party became frightened and went back, but we kept on and were fully repaid for our trip. Although it was very cold, the mosquitos were terrible.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A PASTEBOARD HOUSE.

I must tell you something about the hotel at this place. It is quite large and comfortable, but all the partitions are of paste-board. The office and dining-room were heated by large stoves, and some of the guests sat up all night, fearing the house might take fire, but we were too tired to be watchful, though we thought of fire and talked of fire.

Bee Hive Geyser has not had an eruption in years, owing to the fact (so we were told) that a Chinaman set up a laundry near by, and used the geyser for a wash tub. While washing his clothes, the soap slipped from his hand, and fell to the bottom of the geyser, when immediately there was an eruption so violent that Bee Hive became extinct.

The tourists learned the trick of soaping the geysers from the poor, innocent Chinaman, and are carefully watched by the soldiers to prevent the act.

A RESTLESS FAMILY.

The eruptions of the Lion occur daily; those of the Lioness are irregular as to time; and as the Cubs play more frequently, it often happens that this family are in eruption at the same time. Oblong Geyser is a beauty, and eruptions occur every six hours. The Grotto, Riverside and The Splendid are not so active, having an eruption only every four days. In this Basin there are twenty-seven active geysers.

I must pass on to the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. We reached there at 6 o'clock in the afternoon, and found a nice hotel built of brick, making us all feel as if we would like to rest here a week, but our ticket, bought at St. Paul for one hundred and ten dollars, gave us only five days in the Park.

And now where shall I begin, and how can I describe this wonderful place? There is not the dash of Niagara, nor are they the most wonderful falls, but I am sure there are none more beautiful. We left the Grand Canyon next day for the Mammoth Hot Springs whence we started. The ride back was lovely, and full of interest, but I will not tire you by writing more of this wonderful National Park.

The night spent at the Hot Springs Hotel on our return was very much enjoyed. At Livingston we parted with our friend, the New York merchant, he going to Seattle, while we returned to St. Paul. Several had attached themselves to our party, and when we reached St. Paul we numbered twelve.

THE NEW WOMAN.

SHE IS BY NO MEANS A "BUGABOO."

Peep at Her Through the Golden Bars of the Near-at-hand Twentieth Century—If Your'e Afraid of Her, Keep Ahead of Her—She's Still Ready to Be Made Love To, and to Marry.

BY MRS. M. MCN. MCEACHERN.

Opinions concerning the "New Woman" are as varied as the literature on the subject is voluminous. This battle of ideas is so confusing that it is rather difficult to decide what the new woman really is. Some hold her up as an example, and urge other women to run the race she sets before them. Others represent her as an object of ridicule and aversion. So we naturally conclude that there are "new women" and "new women."

THE UP-TO-DATE NEW WOMAN.

The up-to-date new woman is probably that one portrayed in Susan B. Anthony's resolution offered at a recent convocation of the Kansas Equal Suffrage Association. "Resolved, That it is the duty of every self-respecting woman in the state of Kansas to fold her hands and refuse to help any moral, religious, charitable, reform or political association until the men of the state shall strike the adjective 'male' from the suffrage clause of the constitution."

However much we may reject it, this new woman is here—she is a fact and a factor in the world's progress, and it is rather puzzling to know what to do about it. If your masculine argument and reasoning will not bring her to her senses, then you might try loving her and marrying her and supporting her afterwards. But here another difficulty comes in. Some malicious critic has said that every new woman is over forty. Now, this is a—well, a mistake, and some bachelor womanhater the father of it. If this remedy doesn't prove effective, then we must consign her to the humorist and caricaturist. But let us remember that if Prohibition becomes a universal law, this same troublesome new woman will accomplish it.

THE TRUE NEW WOMAN.

Now we come to another and more admirable type of new woman—those who, with patience, perseverance and pluck, keep step with the men in the broad field of human industry, and by their labor and skill earn for themselves an honest support—the women who are not afraid nor ashamed to enter any profession, occupation, industry or trade, whereby they can improve their own condition or that of those dependent upon them. It is very, very sad that these heretofore harmless creatures are thus ruthlessly snatching the bread out of the mouths of the innocent, hard-worked, defenceless male laborers, and are heartlessly and selfishly putting it into their own mouths, but there is no use having conniption fits about it. Be calm and serene.

WHENCE COMES SHE?

This new woman in the South is the result not of mental superiority but of numerical superiority. Our civil war left women largely in the majority, with the burdens and responsibilities of men to bear. The age of rocking-chairs and novels by day and dancing and serenades by night had to go. The struggle for existence began, the hand to hand fight with poverty, and very nobly has she fought the battle. It was a very spiteful man who said that, in order to succeed, the new woman must behave like a perfect gentleman A woman can perform *any* duty that is forced upon her, and do it in a womanly way. She can be the bread-winner of the family, and still have sweet, gentle manners, pure thoughts and refined language. And when her ultimate fate presents itself in the form of a manly man, she can still love him, marry him, be true to him, manage his household, and pursue in every respect the same life that any other good woman pursues. But this order of things is not by any means necessary to her contentment and happiness. She has long ago given up the idea that to marry *any* man is better than to marry *no* man. Yet to her, as to all other women, love is still the best thing in life. She never gets too strong-minded to yield to the wooings of a lover stronger-minded than herself.

ALWAYS ROOM AT THE TOP.

And just here is probably the proper place to suggest a plan to relieve the masculine mind of its burden of apprehension concerning the new woman. Keep ahead! Don't let her push you so! Get out of her way! Don't stand still and halloo to the world that woman is invading your domain and is appropriating all the spoils. Push on bravely and vigorously to the new fields of labor and leave the gleanings to her. This will preserve the proper equipoise between the sexes. Of late years we have heard from young men a great deal of boasting about the "New South," in contra-distinction to the Old South, as if, forsooth, they deserved the credit. They forget that the men who made the New South are the men who fought for the Old South. Let us not make a similar mistake. Let us remember that whatever is wisest, whatever is virtuousest, whatever is best in the new woman, she owes to the "old woman"—her mother.

HEART DISEASE, like many other ailments when they have taken hold of the system, never gets better of its own accord, but *Constantly grows worse.* There are thousands who know they have a defective heart, but will not admit the fact. They don't want their friends to worry, and *Don't Know what to take for it,* as they have been told time and again that heart disease was incurable. Such was the case of Mr. Silas Farley of Dyesville, Ohio who writes June 19, 1894, as follows:

"I had heart disease for 23 years, my heart hurting me almost continually. The first 15 years I doctored all the time, trying several physicians and remedies, until my last doctor told me it was only a question of time as I could not be cured. I gradually grew worse, very weak, and completely discouraged, until I lived, propped half up in bed, because I *couldn't lie down* nor sit up. Thinking my time had come I told my family what I wanted done when I was gone. But on the first day of March on the recommendation of Mrs. Fannie Jones, of Anderson, Ind., I commenced taking *Dr. Miles' New Cure for the Heart* and wonderful to tell, in ten days I was working at light work and on March 19 commenced framing a barn, which is heavy work, and I hav'nt lost a day since. I am 56 years old, 6 ft. 4½ inches and weigh 250lbs. *I believe I am fully cured,* and I am now only anxious that everyone shall know of your wonderful remedies."

Dyesville, Ohio. SILAS FARLEY.

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THE OBSERVER.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., SEP. 12, 1895.

WOMEN'S EDITION.

EDITOR IN CHIEF:
MRS. JNO. B. BROADFOOT.

ASSISTANTS:
MISS ALICE CAMPBELL.
MRS. J. B. WORTH.
MRS. T. D. HAIGH.
MRS. N. A. SINCLAIR.
MRS. J. H. CURRIE.
MRS. W. B. DRAUGHON.

GREETING.

Scarcely two months ago, the women of Cumberland effected their organization to erect a monument to their Confederate dead. In our undertaking our enthusiasm has met with response on all sides, and we feel that the task will fall lightly on the many which would be Hereulean for the few.

We have given several social entertainments, realizing from them much pleasure and encouraging sums. The little children, catching the enthusiasm of their elders, have added their mite to form the nucleus for our common cause.

Now our designs take a bolder flight, and we come before the public as journalists, to subside into the quiet walks of life after this one issue. Here, too, gratifying success has met our efforts.

To the editors, we tender most grateful acknowledments for their kindness in the use of the paper, printing press and all the paraphernalia of a newspaper office; and for the aid which was generously extended when needed.

To the printers, we express our thanks. They have given us, besides faithful work, what money cannot buy—their sympathy and interest.

We hope that "the bread cast upon the waters" by our advertising friends will return to them in full measure, and that in taking this medium to advertise their varied business enterprises, they may feel the good effects of an immense circulation. We thank them for these indications of good-will.

We congratulate our co-laborers, in this great work, on the success of their efforts. They have labored faithfully and skillfully; always eliminating self, and uniting in perfect harmony for the good of the sacred meeting cause, which is so dear to every Southern heart.

We regret that owing to an unexpected and extraordinary pressure on our advertising columns, encroachments have been made to such an extent upon our reading space that some of our most interesting articles by valued contributors have been crowded out.

"KEEP MY MEMORY GREEN."

"The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced." For every other of the ills and woes of life we invoke oblivion; for this, with loving hands, we erect the hallowed shrine, and invite memory in to hold there her beautiful but melancholy rites.

So it has been long ere the sepulchre received the body of Lazarus; and all over the consecrated soil of the Holy Land, up and down the ancient Nile, along the historic shores of the Mediterranean, towering above the waters of the sacred Ganges, casting their majestic shadows athwart the bosom of the Tiber, temple and fane, pyramid and tomb, tell in the genius of the living the achievements of the dead. They have survived the wreck of principalities, the crash of thrones; the fierce struggle of Crusader and Saracen have come and passed them by; Attila, Timour and Akbar, with their countless mailed hosts, "were but are not;" but, eternal as the mountains, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," the calm, sculptured features of Rameses look down upon successive ages, and the lovely Noor Jehan will live in song and story while the exquisite marble dome of the Taj Mahal shelters her remains.

This tribute of the mortal to immortality is a necessity of our nature, reaching up to a conception of the Infinite, and finds expression not alone in the proud niches of Westminster Abbey, but under the shelter of the wall of the village church; not alone in the splendid "cities of the dead," gleaming in the marble of the mausoleum and the polished shaft, but in the country church-yard whose sole requiem is the sough of the wind in the pines and the far-off plaint of the dove.

"Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still, erected nigh,
With uncouth rhyme and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

If the tyranny of a throne has merited a pyramid, what shall we rear to the self-sacrifice of the hero? If the brief span of sordid ambition be perpetuated in perennial brass, how shall we consecrate the blood of the patriot? Not for them, but for ourselves and posterity. The dead rock not; "cold, still and dumb to all this world contains," the tears of mourning and the notes of praise alike fall useless on the "closed porches of their ears."

"Can storied urn or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?"

From the red field and the weary couch of the lazar house, "they climbed fast to God." No weeping Marys or Marthas can restore them to life, to love, to country and home; but woman's heart may attest her fidelity to their virtues, and woman's hands may rescue their memory from oblivion.

In behalf of this sacred object the Cumberland Monument Association presents this edition of the Fayetteville OBSERVER, to-day. "What is writ is writ." Let the reading public make up its verdict.

THE PASSING OF THE HORSE.

The horseless carriage which is so popular in France has at last come to this country, and promises to be a great factor in the travel of the 20th century. The simplest vehicle of the kind is run with petroleum, propelled backwards or forwards at the will of the motorman, and at less than half the cost required in keeping a horse. A novice has been found to be able to run his carriage over fifty miles in ten hours. An electrical wagon is now in use in Philadelphia, but that is more ponderous than the petroleum vehicles. The carriages are graceful and comfortable looking, and run with very little noise.

SOME OF THE QUEENS OF EUROPE.

BY MRS. T. D. HAIGH.

Among the many interesting events which have been transpiring in Europe during the past few years, it seems to me that the history of Carlotta and Maximilian forms one of the saddest and most romantic chapters.

About three miles from Trieste stands the beautiful home of this once happy pair. Maximilian was commander-in-chief of the Austrian navy, and was a born sailor, delighting in all the charms of the sea—the dash of danger adding pleasure to the excitement of a battle with the wind and waves. With exquisite taste he chose a lovely promontory—picturesque in all its features—to build near the breaking surf a home for his young bride, the fair Carlotta, daughte of the Belgian king, "who with her golden wand—for she had riches as well as beauty and grace"—transformed this Swiss chalet into an ideal home for her lover husband. Some one writes of it: "A glory of greenness around the house, the blue sky overhead, the smiling ocean at their feet, love and devotion to crown it all"—was it not a fairy dream? Alas it was a dream.

In 1864 Mexico tempted them with an offer of her crown, and her deputies came with adroit and soft speech to ask Maximilian to come to the land across the sea to make peace for a country torn with anarchy and civil war. With flattering words they said: "We are assured that you have the secret of conquering the hearts of al men, and excel in the art of government." He yielded to thei specious representations; and the commission, in the name of Mexico, took the oath of allegiance to Maximilian—and the new Emperor swore to labor for the happiness and prosperity of his people and to protect their independent nationality.

In a short time the Emperor and Empress had left their happy home to go to a strange land and people. Upon their arrival in Vera Cruz they were surprised at the coldness of their reception. No enthusiasm, no royal welcome, greeted them, but they journeyed on to the Palace at Chapultepec, "the Hall of the Montezumas," in every way a contrast to the luxury of their far-away home. With singular affection to these strange people, Maximilian devoted himself to their improvement. But while the Emperor, aided by his indefatigable wife, labored for the restoration of the realm the Juarist faction increased in strength, and it was even whispered that Bazaine was treacherous to the new Emperor.

Difficulties of all sorts arose, and the French government made several efforts to induce Maximilian to abdicate; but he said: "A son of the house of Hapsburg never retreats in the face of danger; I will die, sword in hand"—and so he did. After a dreadful siege of some months, he was taken and condemned to be shot. Carlotta, meanwhile, sorely against her wishes and earnest entreaties, had been sent to Europe. The night before his execution, he wrote her a farewell letter, whose tenderness is pathos itself. In the cold gray light of early dawn he met his death, as brave men always do, with heroic fortitude.

Carlotta, tortured with suspense and vain efforts to release her husband, in agony of grief, lost her mind, becoming entirely insane, though mercifully not knowing the fate of her husband. In the walks of the gardens of their beautiful home she still seeks him, and, with lap full of flowers, wreathes garlands for his coming, and ever and anon starts up, hoping to hear perchance the sound of his footstep. But the great ocean which he loved so well, with its "liquid metronome as it beats its solemn measure," alone chants his sad requiem.

In one of the pretty towns of fair England another empress sits solitary and alone—an alien who sought its shores years ago with her noble son, the Prince Imperial—the beautiful Eugenie, who was once—even in the recollection of those not very old—"the glass of fashion and the mould of form." Our hearts go out tenderly to her in her great sorrow in the loss of her boy, who, in his zeal for adventure, or, perhaps, to win his spurs to gain Beatrice's affection, met such a cruel and horrible death at the hands of the savages in South Africa. To-day a sad figure walks the gardens of Chisselhurst, the white gleam of whose snowy hair against the heavy mourning veil tells a touching story of the vicissitudes of human life—an admired empress, an idolized wife, a proud mother, in a few years a refugee, a widow—childless!

To turn from such sad pages in the lives of our contemporary queens, let us look for a moment at the gay, bright Margharetta of Savoy. She is a happy queen, carrying her pretty brown head as gaily and sweetly as if not always is "uneasy the head that wears a crown." Her flowers, her charities, her unfailing sympathy with the distressed, her beauty, her goodness, has made the world admire the lovely queen of Italy. Even in our democratic America, where we are rather prone to sneer at royalty, her praises have been sung, and right good it is to have such a pleasant picture to look upon.

Time would fail me to tell of all the royal folk of our kinspeople across the sea. Beautiful is the home life of the King of Denmark, whose daughters have graced such high positions, and carried with them the stamp of that good, wholesomeness, which his plain and admirable teaching has given. The Princess of Wales, whom the British people so cordially admire, has always been on the side of right and goodness, while her sister, the Empress of Russia, has endeared herself to the heart of humanity by her devotion to her dying husband and her sweetness and patience under sorrow at his death.

A glance at the many thrones occupied by Victoria's children and grandchildren reveals many pleasant scenes of happiness in royal homes, notwithstanding the prevalent idea of there being unrest and unhappiness there. In these royal palaces in high places are many noble men and women, doing their duty as faithfully and truly as their fellow-workers in the happy homes of our own beloved Carolina.

"The Great White Czar."

ALL ABOUT THE SILVER ISSUE.

That Is, Skirmishing All About It at a Convenient Distance—From Father Abraham and the Cave of Macpelah to Uncle Sam and the Treasury—From the Prose of the Dollar of Our Fathers to the Poetry of the Wedded Bliss of Our Fathers (and Mothers).

BY MRS. A. H. SLOCOMB.

It is hardly possible that the managing syndicate of the "Women's Edition of the Fayetteville Observer" expects this writer to settle the vexed questions with which the great silver issue bristles on all sides, or to solve the abstruse problems by which it leads us into all sorts of mental labyrinths and perplexing mazes—questions and problems which have inspired the recent *pronunciamento* of Marion Butler (the apostle of Populism), the anxious call of the Democratic leaders at Raleigh, and the gloomy, inquiring conference at Washington the other day, under the very shadow of the White House, whence its occupant is off with a patent-jointed rod and a bucket of bait for a day's fishing.

Your correspondent's financial education has been wofully neglected. The darning basket, the keys of the pantry, the cook and the dinner pot, boys whose trousers need patching, girls whose skirts need mending, and a husband who needs more taking care of than all the children put together, not to mention the weekly sewing society and the duplicate whist club—two recreative agents absolutely necessary to every well constituted woman—have made sad inroads upon the course of study which would have fitted her to be Secretary of the Treasury.

Much of argument can be adduced on both sides of the question—and, heaven knows, much *has* been said on both sides. The statesmen of each of the three parties have so permeated the walls of the national capital with their wisdom that ages hence, when a wondering posterity wanders amid the ruins of that majestic pile, the crumbling walls will give forth some echo of their eloquence, "like the statue of Memnon under the splendor of the sun;" and the village Solons have settled the question over and over again on the counter of the corner grocery. "The Lord spake unto Moses, saying: 'Make thee two trumpets of silver.'" Verily, in this latter part of the 19th century there are "two trumpets for the calling of the assembly and the journeying of the camps," but one is of gold.

The indignant silverite starts away back at the field of Ephron and the cave of Macpelah, for which Abraham "paid four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant," and comes on up to the demonetization of silver in 1873, which he calls the "great crime of the century," and declares that we must stick to the "dollar of our daddies," even if we have to make it as big as a cart-wheel, and roll it to market for a pound of beefsteak instead of carrying it in the pocket.

On the other hand, the "goldbug" declares that the financial views of his opponent would remand us to barbarism; that the world's commerce is measured by a yard-stick of gold; that the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1 is a chimera; that the remonetization of silver is feasible only with "the government's issue of bills on the *bullion* not *coin* value of the metal;" that the capitalist does not want it, for in all the great money centres the banking capital is far less than the deposits—and the laborer does not want it, for of all classes the poor man most needs a good, fixed currency; and, finally, that bimetallism is possible only by international conference and agreement so general throughout the civilized world as to have the force of an international treaty.

In the meantime, the gold reserve in the treasury is struggling at the danger-mark like a surf-bather caught by the undertow. Every now and then it goes under; and, just as we fear that it has sunk for the last time, it bobs up panting and almost breathless. The administration has given a syndicate a bonus of $10,000,000 of the people's money to sustain the national credit and the national solvency. This could be done only by the importation of gold to the amount of more than $30,000,000, which the syndicate has been struggling to accomplish by stopping the export of gold in the sale of exchange bills at less than market price. How long will this last? Is there not danger that when the prop is taken away, down will go the building?

But "Gallio cares for none of these things." Your correspondent finds "metal more attractive" in the ideal silver; that shining vein which glistens in marvelous brightness and beauty through every *stratum* of the earth's surface from the creation to the present day; the poetic conception of this pure white treasure of the "dark chambers of the hidden mines," which has illustrated history by an epoch, and over the prose of common life has cast the pleasing glamour of sentiment.

It is interesting to note the fact that the two precious metals have been not only the handmaids of civilization and the carriers of commerce, but the inspirations in all the great emotions of the human soul. After the Golden Age of letters, "which produced the grand epic of Troy, told how Dido, betrayed by Aeneas, perished on her funeral pyre, and enlisted the genius of a Virgil to portray the life of the Roman husbandman, the Silver Age, 'with solemn step and slow,' passed across the world's great stage, less glorious and beautiful, perhaps, than the Age of Gold, but clad in rare dignity and majesty"—the sun is a *king* sublime, but oh! beauteous is the moon, the *queen* of night.

Listen! The strings are swept by a master-hand; and, rising to the accompaniment, a clear sweet voice bursts forth in the old ballad, "Silver Threads Among the Gold." Tossed in the wind in the sports of childhood; confined in decorous plaits in the sweet modesty of young maidenhood; surmounting the graceful head in wondrous lustrous coils, set in Hymen's orange blossoms, as she stands veiled for the mystic rite of the altar; and brushed away from the careworn brow of motherhood, a silver thread winds in and out among the gold. Fear not, pure, noble, faithful heart! You have woven well in the web of life, and by this silver thread Christ's hand will lead you up higher.

But time passes, and space is limited, not only in the office and the columns of the "Women's Edition," but in the allotted span of existence. The rude chubby babe has become a great strapping youth, and is bounding up the golden stairway of life, exultant and ambitious; the blue eyed tot has become a "rare and radiant maiden," standing on the threshold, and looking out upon the great mystery of the world with wide-open, wondering eyes—and just ahead in the future we see struggling through the mi t the sign-post on the journey: "Silver Wedding." Remember, dear friends, that this correspondent has not written a single disrespectful word of the metal that even Father Abraham thought so desirable; and that on that interesting silver wedding occasion she will be an enthusiastic *silverite*, from contributions of spoons, the favorite of the "late lamented" Benjamin Butler, up to a solid silver drinking pitcher for the hall, carved after the model found in the ruins of Pompeii—probably in the luxurious palace of the merchant Diomed, or the artistic bachelor chambers of the Sybaritic Sallust.

It is very well to read a trashy novel now and then. It gives a woman the proud consciousness that she, too, could be an author, if she tried.

WOMEN IN ADVANCED THOUGHT.

THE BALE OF COTTON.

A THRILLING INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

Bragg's Official Order—Mrs. Meeker and the Secret Service.—Boarding the Lion in His Den—Foiled Cotton Thieves.

BY MRS. J. B. STARK.

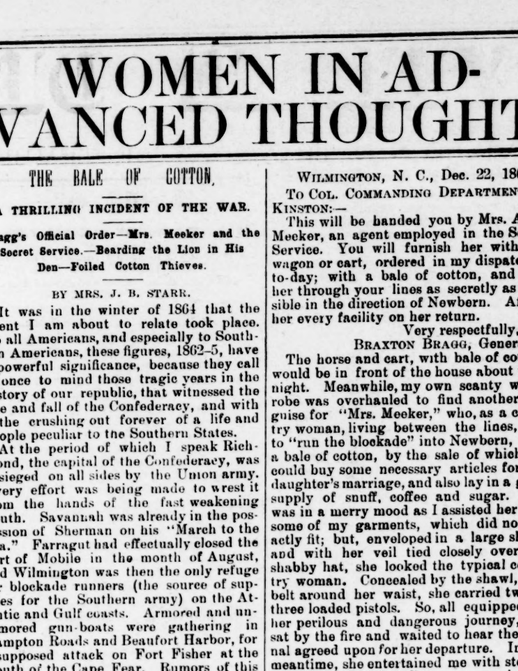
It was in the winter of 1864 that the event I am about to relate took place. To all Americans, and especially to Southern Americans, these figures, 1862–5, have a powerful significance, because they call at once to mind those tragic years in the history of our republic, that witnessed the rise and fall of the Confederacy, and with it the crushing out forever of a life and people peculiar to the Southern States.

At the period of which I speak Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, was besieged on all sides by the Union army. Every effort was being made to wrest it from the hands of the fast weakening South. Savannah was already in the possession of Sherman on his "March to the Sea." Farragut had effectually closed the port of Mobile in the month of August, and Wilmington was then the only refuge for blockade runners (the source of supplies for the Southern army) on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. Armored and unarmored gun-boats were gathering in Hampton Roads and Beaufort Harbor, for a supposed attack on Fort Fisher at the mouth of the Cape Fear. Rumors of this movement had reached the Confederates. In this trying hour General Lee turned his attention to the town of Newbern, which, on account of its exposed position on the coast, had early fallen into the hands of the enemy and ever since had been one of their principal strongholds.

It was necessary that he should be in possession of an accurate knowledge of the strength of Newbern, and also the number of troops to be withdrawn from the Army of the James (under command of General Butler) to co-operate with the fleet in the contemplated attack upon Fort Fisher.

General Lee obtained that knowledge. How he did it I am now about to relate.

It was on the afternoon of a rainy day in December—one of those short, dark, cold days, with a wind that kept constantly stirring the leafless branches of the trees, and moaned about the house corners, with a sound that made one glad to rest his eyes on the cheerful flames leaping up the wide chimney; glad, too, to warm his chilled limbs before the same leaping flames—that I was surprised at receiving



JEFFERSON DAVIS.

a notice from my husband, then in command of the Department of Kinston, to the effect that I would shortly have a visitor, a lady, whom I must receive in my room as quietly as possible. Who my visitor was, what her mission, I had no idea.

The hours crept on, and the short winter day was rapidly drawing to a close. I had heard the train come creeping in, out of the mist and shadow, pause wearily, then glide out again into the oncoming darkness.

My ears were strained in the effort to catch the sound of footsteps on the pavement below, but soon my thoughts reverted to the descending rain, which now came down more heavily than it had all day. Then suddenly there came a sharp rap on my door, followed almost instantly by a movement of the hinges as the door swung open. I turned and was face to face with my strange visitor. The impression made on my mind at that moment is as vivid to day as then. I saw a rather tall woman, dressed in a skirt of some dark material and a black sacque, a common straw hat with no trimming but a green veil wound closely around it and tied under her chin, almost completely covering her face. On her arm she carried a small covered basket.

Pausing for an instant to take me in and get the bearings of the room, lit up by the bright glow of a cheerful fire, she came striding in, relieved herself of her basket, and seating herself with some force in a rocking chair, with her feet clad in Confederate shoes planted squarely in front of her, remarked: "Well, I'm that tired;" in response to an enquiring look on my part. She informed me that she had had a weary day of travel, and was anxious to get on to visit a sick son, who was in camp below Kinston, but had to get permission or a pass from the commanding officer. She had gone directly from the train to headquarters. For that purpose she had seen the Colonel, who had directed her to the house where he boarded, and there she was to await his coming; and while she rested would I not try to get her a cup of coffee and a mouthful to eat? And so I went down stairs to ask for some supper for a poor tired woman, and sending it up sat down with the family to enjoy my own. I was summoned shortly after, and on entering the room was astonished at the change in my visitor. She advanced to meet me with the easy grace of a well bred woman, introducing herself as Mrs. Meeker, of Richmond, Va., and laughingly asked "which of her two characters I liked best," and then I was shown by my husband, as it was necessary I should share the secret, the official order, which explained the mystery. I have it before me now and copy it entire.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Dec. 22, 1864.

TO COL. COMMANDING DEPARTMENT OF KINSTON:—

This will be handed you by Mrs. A. M. Meeker, an agent employed in the Secret Service. You will furnish her with the wagon or cart, ordered in my dispatch of to-day; with a bale of cotton, and pass her through your lines as secretly as possible in the direction of Newbern. Afford her every facility on her return.

Very respectfully,
BRAXTON BRAGG, General.

The horse and cart, with bale of cotton, would be in front of the house about midnight. Meanwhile, my own scanty wardrobe was overhauled to find another disguise for "Mrs. Meeker," who, as a country woman, living between the lines, was to "run the blockade" into Newbern, with a bale of cotton, by the sale of which she could buy some necessary articles for her daughter's marriage, and also lay in a good supply of snuff, coffee and sugar. She was in a merry mood as I assisted her into some of my garments, which did not exactly fit; but, enveloped in a large shawl and with her veil tied closely over her shabby hat, she looked the typical country woman. Concealed by the shawl, in a belt around her waist, she carried two or three loaded pistols. So, all equipped for her perilous and dangerous journey, we sat by the fire and waited to hear the signal agreed upon for her departure. In the meantime, she entertained me with stories connected with her life as a spy in the Confederate service, her many narrow escapes from hanging and shooting, &c. With many a jest upon her lips, she seemed fully to realize the danger of her present mission, but was confident of success, and assured me she would turn up "all right" in a week or ten days, and would bring back with her a trunk filled with good things, clothing and shoes for her needy friend, *i. e.* her daughter, and she begged me to give her a list of any thing I needed, which I gladly did.

As the time drew on I was the one to grow nervous. There are some things in the experience of many who passed through those trying four years of war that one would fain forget, or remember only as a terrible dream. Life was of little value in those days and sex no consideration. Fire, sword and halter were ever ready to do their work. But to return to my story. At last, in the black, cold night, the rain still falling heavily and mixed with sleet, she was helped to her seat on top of the bale of cotton in the cart; and, gathering up the reins with a hearty "good bye; don't be uneasy; you will see me back in a few days," rode off in the darkness, leaving us with the thought that her life might pay for the venture, and that we would probably never know her fate.

And so the days passed, freighted with hope and fear, and still no tidings of Mrs. Meeker; but late in the afternoon of the eighth day she rode up to headquarters in a country carry-all, with a large trunk strapped on behind. I heard the news of her arrival and gladly welcomed her shortly after, and in the quiet of my room heard the story of her adventures. She was successful, of course, and gained all the information desired, but her journey through the country between Kinston and Newbern *had been both dangerous and exciting.*

She rode on the top of the bale of cotton until her limbs grew stiff with cold, and to keep from freezing she was obliged to mount the mule's back. About daylight a bear crossed her path two or three times, looking longingly at her, as if he, too, was short of supplies, but finally made off into the swamps. Her next adventure was with cotton thieves, who with threats of violence attempted to take her bale of cotton. She was really fearful of losing it, but with a brave show of her "artillery," as she expressed it, they left her, and she continued her journey, stopping about dark at a small log house on the roadside, occupied by three women, and only a few miles from the Union pickets. She asked shelter for herself and the bale of cotton, promising that if she got into Newbern unmolested she would bring them out some sugar and coffee and the much coveted luxury, snuff. With their assistance the mule and cart were safely hidden in a deep ravine near by and the bale of cotton taken into the house, where it helped to form a barricade against the door, in anticipation of another attack from the cotton thieves. And so it proved. The house was besieged that night, and threats of burning and hanging freely uttered. She in turn declared she would kill the first man who entered the house. They were too near the enemy's line to risk firing, and so, after some fruitless attempts to break down the door, they retired, leaving her master of the situation.

By daylight she had passed the pickets and was within the Union lines, at headquarters, and before General Palmer, then in command of Newbern. She told her tale with such good effect that the bale of cotton was soon disposed of, and she had once more some good money in her pocket. She was allowed to make her purchases, although under guard and closely watched, questioned and cross-questioned again and again by the officers in command. Her ready wit and adaptation of the part she played stood her in good stead, so that her lies about the Confederates even "satan himself would not have been ashamed of," and were considered of sufficient importance to be transmitted to General Grant. And so she parted from her Yankee friends with many expressions of good will, and the hearty desire that she would come again with another bale of cotton.

"THE VEILED DOCTOR."

THE CHIVALROUS DR. WICKFORD.

Miss Winnie Davis as a Novelist—The "Irony of Fate" in Love—Bits of Strong Writing—Powers of Expression and Description.

BY MRS. N. A. SINCLAIR.

The book which is just now more talked about than any other is "The Veiled Doctor," by Miss Varina Anne Jefferson Davis. Perhaps no Southern novel has ever attracted the same degree of attention that this will command. Miss Davis' unique personality would, of itself, insure a widespread desire to read her book, both here and at the North, simply as a matter of curiosity. But, independently of that, the book well deserves to be read on its merits. The chances are that this book, like countless other ambitious efforts, would go down to forgetfulness, practically unknown, were it not for the fact that Miss Winnie Davis is its author; and yet one instinctively feels, upon reading it, that it is more than an ordinary book.

The conception is bold and the execution strong and forceful. The plot—if it can be called a plot—is simple, and there seems to be little respect for details. The story begins with unhappiness, and rushes along from lovers' quarrels to distrust, jealousy and morbid hatred, until she reaches the climax in a perfect storm of remorse and hopelessness.

It has always been a mystery to me that those who are gifted with the power to portray all the emotions of the heart, should paint such scenes of suffering; as if real life were not sad enough with its toils, its sorrows and its tears. And one cannot resist a feeling of regret that Miss Davis, with the power displayed in this book, had not chosen pleasanter topics than hereditary incurable disease and the morbid fancies which seem to have taken possession of these last-of-the-century fiction writers.

The opening chapter is ominous, and the trouble comes promptly and grows fast and furious, without regard to reason or consistency, until it becomes one lurid picture of utter hopelessness and despair and desolateness.

It is positively trying to the patience to have all the horrible details of the growth and development of a cancer interwoven through the story, when the Doctor might have been just as efficiently disposed of in some other and less repulsive manner, for the purposes of the story—unless, indeed, the purpose of the story be simply to depict suffering and despair in all its intensity.

The story opens with the home-coming of Doctor Gordon Wickford and his bride. Doctor Wickford was the "catch of the season" and lived in a sleepy old country town. Madame Isabel Wickford, the bride, came from a city, was not used to country life and country ways, and is described as having "coils of yellow hair" and brown eyes with "red flashes" in them, and such perfect beauty that it almost "antagonized" the beholder.

Doctor Wickford was manly, chivalrous—the sum of all perfections. His bride, Isabel, was the reverse—selfish, perverse, unmannerly and untruthful. The Doctor's character begins to undergo a change, and he grows sour and rude and unreasonable; and the strangest thing of all is that just as rapidly as the Doctor's perfections waned and he fell from grace, his wife grew gentle and good and unselfish, and learned to speak the truth. Just when he ceased to love her she discovered that she loved him. If the transition in each character had not been so sudden, so violent, so utterly unexpected and so entirely in opposite directions, they might have found some middle ground where they could have appreciated each other and lived happily. They began to quarrel the day they reached home from their wedding-trip, and seem to have done nothing but quarrel thereafter. After the husband had shamefully neglected his wife he became violently jealous, and one night in a rage seized her and cut off her hair, and then immediately went into the usual brain-fever, which all orthodox novelists provide for such occasions. After his recovery he grew morbidly sensitive, and when the cancer appeared upon his face, for fear his wife would laugh at him and ridicule his misfortune, he hid his face from the world with a crape veil, which he wore until his death. No one was ever permitted to see his face. He dies alone under the most horrible circumstances, in order that no one might see his disfigurement.

Altogether, it is decidedly a disagreeable story.

There are here and there some bits of description and some bright touches which are very grateful in their sombre surroundings.

The scene is distinctively Southern, although the book does not say so. The descriptions of the gardens, the woods and the flowers, all have a flavor of the South which cannot be mistaken. We can almost believe that Miss Davis had a certain North Carolina town in mind when she speaks of the "sleepy old town, where the brooding quiet muffles every pulse of modern life. Years ago, when this had been a centre of trade * * * there had been some talk of bringing the railroad this way. But the city fathers, in blue coats and brass buttons, took snuff together as they discussed the many disadvantages consequent upon such innovation. They had refused the right of way, refused everything, in short, and so successfully blocked its progress that a different route was decided upon, and the old town, under its canopy of trees, fell forever out of step with the vanguard of commerce."

But, for the most part, the book is intense—intense in its suffering and utter despair. The description of Isabel's agony as she crouched at the door of the room where her husband lay dying—and "dying such a death!"—with full knowledge that his heart would never relent towards her, but that he hated and despised her, is done in masterly style. There are many passages equally fine. She says of Wickford, the night he returned from consulting a specialist who had given him his death sentence: "In the tense agony he endured, he took no note of time; all the forces of his nature raged war within the narrow confines of his heart, and their storming was mightier than the ragings of the winds without."

The book gives forth but one note—that of anguish and despair; but it is one of the remarkable books of the year, and any one who reads it will feel well repaid.

After all, it seems but natural that the spirit of sorrow should be familiar to the "Daughter of the Lost Cause;" for her whole life has been spent within the shadow of the ruined fortunes and shattered hopes of the dead Confederacy.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve,

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by B. E. Sedberry & Son, Fayetteville, N. C.

A TIMELY REMINDER.

Each season forces upon our consideration its own peculiar perils to health. The advent of fall finds many reduced in strength and vigor, poorly prepared to continue the business of life. The stomach and bowels, the great highway of animal economy, is especially liable to disorder in the fall. The nervous system has also suffered in the struggle. Typhoid fever and malaria in particular find in the fall that combination of earth, air and water that mark this season as especially dangerous. The falling leaves, the decaying vegetables, contribute their share of contamination. Hood's Sarsaparilla furnishes a most valuable safeguard at these important points, and should be used in the fall before serious sickness has laid you low.

The Shakers have made a discovery which is destined to accomplish much good. Realizing that three-fourths of all our sufferings arise from stomach troubles, that the country is literally filled with people who cannot eat and digest food, without subsequently suffering pain and distress, and that many are starving, wasting to mere skeletons, because their food does them no good, they have devoted much study and thought to the subject, and the result is this discovery, of their Digestive Cordial.

A little book can be obtained from your druggist that will point out the way of relief at once. An investigation will cost nothing and will result in much good.

Children all hate to take Castor Oil, but not LAXOL, which is palatable.

Pains in the back and groins suppressed and highly colored urine and all kidney and blood troubles quickly relieved by Johnson's Kidney and Liver Regulator. 25 and 50 cts. For sale by King Bros., Fayetteville, N. C.

That Tired Feeling

Is a common complaint and it is a dangerous symptom. It means that the system is debilitated because of impure blood, and in this condition it is especially liable to attacks of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for this condition, and also for that weakness which prevails at the change of season, climate or life.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the bowels and liver. 25c.

Rheumatism, neuralgia, pains in the back or side, stiff neck, sore throat, tonsilitis, diphtheria, cramps and colic instantly relieved by Johnson's Magnetic Oil. Large bottles, 25 and 50 cts. For sale by King Bros., Fayetteville, N. C.

There is nothing to prevent anyone concocting a mixture and calling it "sarsaparilla," and there is nothing to prevent anyone spending good money testing the stuff; but prudent people, who wish to be sure of their remedy, take only Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and so get cured.

Strength and Health.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding these organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50c. at B. E. Sedberry & Son's Drug Store.

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H. R. HORNE.

"ANTI SKEET" TABLETS FOR DESTROYING Mosquitoes, Moths, etc., in a pleasant and harmless aroma. 10c. a box at MCDUFFIE'S DRUG STORE.

The INDUSTRIA CUBANA, a genuine Cuban hand-made Key West, unflavored, long Havana filled, 5 cent cigar. Also my usual line of choice brands, including "After Hours," "Saborosa," Straiton & Storms' "Principe," Traylor's "Conqueror," "Little Solon Shingle," etc, etc. For sale by H. R. HORNE.

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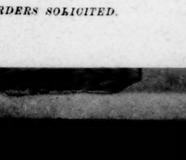
These figures represent the number of bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which were sold in the United States from March '91 to March, '92. Two Million, Two Hundred and Twenty-Eight Thousand, Six Hundred and Seventy-Two bottles sold in one year, and each and every bottle was sold on a positive guarantee that money would be refunded if satisfactory results did not follow its use. The secret of its success is plain. It never disappoints and can always be depended on as the very best remedy for Coughs, Colds, etc. Price 50c. and $1.00. At B. E. Sedberry & Son's Drug Store.



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"Three years ago I had the grip, which settled in my head. It continued to grow worse and there was no rest for me. My limbs felt numb, my nerves seemed to be unstrung and I had no appetite. Doctors' treatment and other medicines failed to avail me relief. I obtained two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which

Restored Me

to myself. Last July I began to have bad symptoms, and I at once resorted to

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Sarsaparilla. I continued until I had taken three bottles, which not only restored my health but also cured my baby of a bunch and did him a great deal of good." MRS. EMMIT A. RAINEY, North Danville, Va.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25c.

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ECZEMA From early childhood until I was grown my family spent a fortune trying to cure me of this disease. I visited Hot Springs, and was treated by the best medical men, but was not benefited. **FROM** When all things had failed I determined to try S. S. S., and in four months was entirely cured. The terrible Eczema was gone, not a sign of it left; my general health built up, and I have never had any return of the disease. I have since **CHILDHOOD** recommended S. S. S. to a number of friends for skin diseases, and have never yet known a failure to cure. GEO. W. IRWIN, Irwin, Pa.

S.S.S. Never fails to cure, even after all other remedies have. Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to any address.

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FOR SUITS MADE TO MEASURE.

embrace all of the Latest Novelties, consisting of PANTINGS,
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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

WOMEN'S EDITION.

BEASTS' COLUMN.

EDITORS:

Miss Nellie Morrison.
Miss Mary S. MacRae.
Miss May M. Broadfoot.

Let us drink a health, across our editors' desk, to the modern young man, in limeade at his expense; and, pray, what editorial theme could find more sympathetic pen than this—himself, his careful-negligé self, resplendent in white duck and pointed toes.

Say, mister," said the small boy, "how many toes is you got?" But that is neither here nor there.

The empty glasses cry out first of all of his thoughtfulness for, empty though his pocket often may be, never is his credit bad enough to thwart his generosity. And it is a disinterested generosity, born of pure friendliness, and asking nothing in return, for do we not often see the finest of his linen kerchiefs named for his dear comrade and even sometimes for the acquaintance who has the next room at his boarding house, and to the summer girl who spoke of her charming drive with him and declared herself "deeply indebted for the afternoon's pleasure," did he not answer, with becoming gallantry, "not more deeply than I," and suppress the sigh that rose to his lips as he thought sadly of his livery bill?

Perhaps this was candor, for, though candor is not his general rule, he can be truthfully so when it suits his humor, and charmingly so when the truth is convenient. However, though he is by no means most pleasant when least candid, he is often more pleasant when less candid. To evade gracefully the consequences of one's evil deeds is an art which commands admiration, if not always belief, and it is something to be able to explain why you broke an engagement, and what complimentary things you meant when you said a girl was cross-eyed. It saves a deal of trouble, this erratic candor of his.

We have already gone too far without speaking of his cardinal virtue, hospitality to the stranger that is within his gates—or within his friend's gates; and in touching on this feature, about which we have such a deep feeling of appreciation, it is impossible that we should not leave the general type and speak more particularly about this Modern Young Man of our own and of sister towns. He is polite with a politeness that finds its root in the heart and its branches beautify the world, and it is much more than kindness to ourselves that he is right royally attentive to our guests and ever mindful of their pleasure.

We might say much more on this subject, which is so dear to us—we do say many things across the editorial desk, with only the deserted straws in the empty glasses for audience—and, though time is pressing and lack of space forbid, we will say one thing more for the public as we like him.

* * *

Much has been written of woman in literature, in music and in art, in clubs, in homes, halls and in universities. Now is there be a word said for the woman in society. It is too commonly supposed that she is far behind, in culture, her sisters who have chosen for themselves a profession or some other life-work, and perhaps she is, in the narrowest sense: that is, her knowledge may be less deep—but it is more widely spread, for the woman who would be a success in the social world must have cognizance of the topics and social questions which touch and bear upon the interests of men and women; therefore she has not the time to delve too deeply in lore which is not forgotten, but which, demanding research, forbids her to expend too much of her time upon it.

She is far from ignorant—the woman of society—and is often less of the butterfly than she seems, for, although she knows that topics of too deep a character, when forced upon a man after his business hours are over and he seeks relaxation, will win for her the appellation of "bore," she has behind her flow of small talk an active brain and retentive memory, with which, if the time is ripe for it, she can meet man more than half way; and, if he is not too lazy to discuss them, surprise him by showing she knows quite as much of social and political questions as does he.

Too much value can hardly be set upon that seemingly easy and conversation-thicking commodity called "small talk." It makes time fly, screens embarrassment, conceals anger, covers dislike, and, in fact does a thousand other things which cause every woman to be devoutly thankful each day she lives. To be perfect mistress of this elusive, evasive faculty, a woman must be bright, and, above all, sympathetic—that is, her mind must be quick to grasp the tenor of another's thoughts and adapt herself to his moods.

There is one form of the society woman to whom the term is a misnomer, and it is the girl in the earliest teens, who is far too young to adapt herself and her ideals to a world which is far beyond her in culture and thought. If she will remain in college until she has advanced beyond what is termed the sentimental period, it will be better for herself, and the standard of society will be raised.

* * *

How few of us realize the importance of breathing—breathing, a branch of that necessary study, the culture of the body. From childhood our mental and moral forces are trained and cultivated in view of making great and noble men and women of us (for was there ever a mother who did not feel way down within the secret corner of her heart that some day her boy—if he wished—could be "a monarch in the land"), and still the physical nature, the base of the triangle in which rests both the mental and moral sides, is forgotten—is left to circumstances and surroundings, and as Providence may see fit to make it what it should be:—for there is some harmoniously developed, perfect men and women, mentally, morally and physically, by accident. Of late, physiologists have gone deeply into the study of the art of breathing, and physicians have put it to use in curing insomnia, nervousness and many an other of the ills and quails" of life. Even consumption before far advanced in its deadly course, has been entirely overcome by exercises in correct breathing. There are a few very simple rules, but of inestimable value, and those who use them need not even "get out of breath," no matter how long the walk or how steep the climb. One should take long, full breaths through the nostrils, with the chest well raised; and, walking on level ground, take two steps to every breath. Always begin to inhale and exhale as the same foot touches the ground. Thus, if you take your breath in as the right foot touches the ground, you use the same breath while the left foot is in motion. Let your breath out as the right is brought into use by touching the ground, and you do not inhale again until the left foot has done its work and the right foot has fallen.

An exercise for ridding the lungs of the air accumulated there is practiced with the mouth open: left foot inhale, right foot exhale, left foot expel with effort; right foot inhale, left foot exhale, right foot expel with effort. With this system fully mastered, one walks with an easy, graceful motion.

Nature is our best physician. She stimulates us with her fresh, sweet airs, her waves, her forests and other gentle ministries, and if we would but realize this and do away with powerful chemicals, which, though they help us for the time being, often impair future resistance, there would be a stronger, nobler people to direct and govern this land of ours and less of petty disagreements over "woman's rights," and less of corrupt fusion—half of which is but the result of bad dispositions, spite and jealousy caused from indigestion and over-stimulated brains.

Again, the woman of to-day—this "new woman" we talk so much about—has taken a step forward in oratory. She not only "speaks" at her club and in the lecture room, but it is becoming a popular thing for women to respond at dinners, to make a little talk at a social gathering. Here her physical training comes greatly to her assistance. The full, clear, modulated voice, the firm, graceful poise, give her power and take away the embarrassment which one necessarily feels who has not perfect control of the body, no matter how charming or witty or scholarly the "talk" may be. Even heavy oratory becomes effective with a voice under perfect control, articulation exact, and a manner easy and free from all embarrassment.

Exposition Notes.

The Cotton States and International Exposition, to be held in Atlanta, Ga., promises to compare favorably with the Columbian World's Fair, though not on such an extensive plan. The home exhibits have been more carefully selected and will be of greater interest.

The women of Atlanta have worked with untiring zeal, and will be well repaid for their labors, for the woman's department far surpasses anything of its kind that has ever been attempted. We may indeed be proud of our women whose work is a noble disclaimer of "Southern indolence."

The architecture of the woman's building is the conception of woman's brain, and the exquisite beauty and simple elegance of the interior decorations are the result of woman's artistic ability.

The Georgia women have shown great tact in the selection of their leaders. Mrs. Joseph Thompson, well known throughout North Carolina as "Miss Emma Mimms," is a young and brilliant woman, of rare beauty and great executive ability.

An interesting feature will be the convening of some of our prominent organizations. The meeting of the "Colonial Dames" and "Daughters of the American Revolution" will be held on the 17th and 18th of October, a programme of which was kindly sent the "Woman's Edition of the Observer" by Mrs. Mary Orr Earle. "The General Federation of Women's Clubs," which will meet on the 1st and 2nd of November, numbers 475 clubs, besides several State organizations, and has somewhere in the neighborhood of 50,000 members. Lectures on history, literature, philosophy and science will be delivered by some of the most brilliant speakers, showing the great progress woman is making towards intellectual superiority.

The 9th of November is the day set apart for a joint meeting of the "Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy." Mrs. Gen. Jackson, Miss Mildred Lee, Mrs. Jefferson Davis and Miss Winnie Davis, have been invited to be guests of the "Sons and Daughters." There will be a valuable collection of Confederate relics on exhibition.

The "Dramatic Congress" will attract attention, and will be attended by some of the most brilliant of the profession.

Surely every one will take advantage of this magnificent Southern fair. The railroads have reduced rates all over the country, thereby making the Exposition within the reach of all. The people of our section are greatly favored in having the Atlantic Coast Line—a safe, rapid and direct route.

Our Editors in Wilmington.

In our hospitable, whole-souled sister city-by-the-sea, our Editors met with the greatest success in their advertisement-soliciting trip, and came away more impressed than ever with the geniality of the Wilmington people in general, and its business men in particular.

They spent two most charming days at Wilmington's perfectly appointed and faultlessly managed hotel, the Orton House. Wilmington people have indeed reason to be proud of their hotel. It has every advantage of location, architecture and equipment. The rooms are charming, and the service beyond compare, while too much cannot be said in praise of the courteous and considerate gentleman at its head. Mr. Montague has all the qualities which distinguish and immortalize the Southern host, and is more than considerate of his guest's welfare.

Our Editors have also to thank that universally popular Insurance man, Col. Walker Taylor, for the assistance he rendered them, and the pleasure he was the means of their receiving while in Wilmington.

IN MEMORIAM.

George B. Wightman, Died Sept. 5, 1895.

A vigorous young life has gone from among us—called in the full promise of active manhood from the prosperous earthly future which seemed to widen out before him.

Mr. Wightman was a young man of talent and ability, holding a trusted position in a large Southern firm. His charming personality and true manliness won for him many warm friends. A deep sense of the beautiful joined with his love for books to make his inner life replete with the good things that literature can give. The bright prospects which those who were near to him rejoiced to see in the enterprise and steady self-reliance that characterized him, are to be fulfilled more richly than they knew, for we doubt not that his life work still goes on where "the crooked is made straight and the rough places plain, and the glory of the Lord is revealed."

As they gave him back to his mother, his dear friends around the open grave found comfort in the "kindly light" which led them out of the "encircling gloom" into the promise of eternal hope, and into the light of the smiles of "those whom he had loved long since and lost awhile."

With much regret the editors of the Women's Edition announce that many contributions—most excellent contributions—are in their drawer, from the utter impossibility of publishing them. They have done their best, kind friends. They thank you heartily for the service which they could so ill repay.

There has been a new instrument invented by the editors of this page to explain their jokes as they are read, but owing to the lack of space in this issue, it will be published in the next "Woman's Edition."

To advertise his wheels, he tries them,
To advertise his books, he buys them,
To fascinate the girls, he eyes them,
And he's yours forever—H. M. P.

BEAUTY'S COLUMN.

THESE ARE LABELED.

Sorted in Choice Lots---No Extra Charge for Picking.

"Fools are our theme—let satire be our song!"

"Calm but not cold, and cheerful
Though a sage."—
Marsden Haigh.

"He rode all unarmed—
And he rode all alone." (?)—
Willie Moore.

"Mis-like me not for my complection."—
Ghost Huske.

"I saw the curl of his waving lash,
And the glance of his knowing eye,
And I know that he thought he was cutting a dash
As his steed went thundering by."
Ned Hale.

"John, thou art a genius; thou hast some pretense,
I think, to wit, but hast thou sterling sense?"
J. C. Thomson, Jr.

"All the world loves the lover."—
Henry Pemberton.

"Come, you of the law—who can talk if you please
Till the man in the moon will allow it's a cheese."—
S. H. MacRae.

"I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me."—
Louis Hale.

"Love's Labor Lost."—James Moore's suit.

"Full well we laughed with counterfeited glee—
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."
Walter Leak.

Too true to flatter—too kind to sneer—
And only just when seemingly severe!"
The Editors.

A character—wavering—fitful—uncertain.—
Herbert Lutterloh.

"Beauty is but skin deep."
Frederick Hale.

"I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play."
Beauregard Tillinghast.

"Twin barks in this world's changing wave."
Dr. McGougan and Philip Haigh.

"He who tries to prove too much proves nothing."—
Addison Worth.

"Let him fall in love who does not wish to be considered a lazy fellow."
T. M. Rose.

"Oh, Willie was a witty wight."
W. H. Slocomb.

"A man who knows the world."
A. S. Rose.

"A dream too flattering sweet to be substantial."—
George Underwood.

"Humility—that low sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot."
Sandy Cook.

These were thy charms sweet village—
Sports, like these—
Louis Hale, Walter Leak and Dr. Lilly.

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat.
James Kyle.

ALAS! POOR NEW WOMAN!!

Must You Propose for Him, Marry Him, and Then Take Care of Him?

The young women of Fayetteville seriously object to signing their real names to these little gems, which they so obligingly submit, in answer to our query:

Why should woman propose, pray!
Will it become necessary?
E. D. H.

It was evening, it was moon-light,
It was late and it was fair;
I was courting, I was happy, I was brave
For he was there!

He was handsome, he was blushing,
He was willing to be wed,
I arrived, and she objected, she was
Mama—so I fled.

I returned, she was repentant, he was
Coaxing his papa,
She relented, and he thanked her, and
Forgave her, dear mama!

Then she blessed us, I was happy
While he blushed a rosy red,
She was willing, he was willing,
I was willing—we were wed!
B. L.

"Custom is too strong for us."
T. B.

As Taffy said, when Svengali spit on the floor: "It is not done—therefore it is not the thing."
J. McA.

"Perhaps they do—there's more in them than meets the eye."
M. N.

No, indeed. I think it shocking
For a woman to propose,
And I'll say it, though I'm rocking
On "New Woman's" manly toes!
B. M. M.

Yes, I believe, I think she may,
If there is no other way
To get a husband who loves her dearly,
And will buy her an easter bonnet yearly!
K. L.

Now this is a question on which I advise
That the parties contracting should compromise;
Let man still keep to his custom of voting
While woman begins and does all the courting!
E. B. B.

I think that she may and I think she may not,
I think it depends on the chances she's got:—
If she thinks she'll succeed, then I think she may try,
If doubtful her chances then let her be shy!
K. C.

Much of the space originally assigned to the young lady editors has been surrendered by them in consideration of the press of advertising and general reading matter. The printer has remorselessly "killed" whole stickfuls of their pets—they can only weep for them.

TO A. B. W., Jr.

Ringlet, ravishingly raven,
From a pate so lately shaven,
By the barber, cruel craven,
Where, now, findest thou thy haven?

Is it in some locket nesting,
To a maiden's love attesting,
Or is it on the floor still resting,
Listening to the barber's jesting?

M. H.

We have thought till we are faint,
But he's neither queer nor quaint,
He's wise and prudent to the last degree;
Cupid's arrows never find him,
Love's fair fetters never bind him—
Could *you* write jests on such an one as he?

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

Much, if You Rightly Touch the Strings.

BY MISS GEORGIA B. WORTH.

The silly season's come again,
And moves me at this date
Upon my fellow-citizens
Some rhymes to perpetrate.

What kind of cake did Sandy Cook,
Why did he give Jim Moore?
What goodly sum is Albert Worth,
Whom now does Isadore?

Did Leighton Huske a pile of corn,
What happened when Gus Rose,
Is it on the Henry Marsh
That the Edmund Lilly blows?

Who crowned Ralph King—made Carwile Pope,
And where did Charles Bidgood,
Who plays upon a Warren Horne,
Why hide George Underwood?

Is everybody else so black
That we call Archie Wightman,
And do we dub Joe Starr because
There is no other bright man?

Is Thomas Green, or Sandy Brown,
Why Lewis Broadfoot called,
What chasm vast did James Crosswell
What burden can George Hall?

Come where the CharleyCampbell feeds,
And if you don't be silly,
You'll see the blooming young George Rose,
And cull the Dr. Lilly.

Why do they call our Sam H. Strange,
And why, to make a pun,
Do they say John Tillinghast a heart
Or call John Robinson?

Come let us see why poor George Burns,
And what makes Frederick Hale,
And now I'll say let's take a rest
Lest words and patience fail.

Tragedy of the "Diamond."

When ladies play base-ball, of course it is clear
They must be well attended; so when they played here
Three prominent persons, whose names you all know,
In short order prevailed on each other to go.
Qonth the lawyer: "My friends, we all know it is true
That the longest way-round is the shortest way through;
So let's circle the ball grounds and scale the high fence,
Twill save distance" (ahem! did he mean, 'twould save pence?)
"Haste is well," said the banker, "for business is pressing;"
"Agreed," said the other, "my thoughts you're expressing."
And thus it fell out, on the edge of the wood,
As the game was commencing, three gentlemen stood.

The fence was quite high, but the lawyer was higher,
The wild-cat is spry, but the banker was spryer;
And while they were clearing the fence with a bound,
Their comrade had slipped through a crack near the ground.
Then proudly they patted their pockets with glee
And thought of the distance they'd saved by their spree
But, alas, for their plotting, unhappy the day!
The policeman stepped forward and forced them to pay.

* * * * * *

Then spake they all three, "for regrets 'tis too late,
But next time we'll try jewing them down at the gate."

"MAN OF TODAY."

Man is a creature full of woes;
Would you like to know the reason?
Because each coming year he knows
He gets more out of season.

He has a trouble of the mind,
A trouble everlasting.
He knows that some day he will find
That women votes are casting!

Are casting votes to rule the land,
While he must stand aside,
Permitted not to raise a hand
Great matters to decide.

He must stay at home—"dear little hub,"
With the children in seclusion;
While his better half goes to the club
To down corrupted fusion.

A. B. W. Jr.—Hurry up, old sport, havn' time to wait, want to get my hair cut badly
O. S.—You do eh! Well go to the place you went last. You certainly can't get it done much worse.

To G. B. U.

You double each story you tell,
You double each sight that you see,
Even your name you "under" take to spell
With a double u double o d.

To "Dodo."

This verseling we have penned,
O'er all the world to send;
Where e'er he is a friend
His friendship has no end!.

One of our bank officers of sundry
Summers and winters was heard
To remark the other day that he could
Marry any woman he pleased.
We hope that some day he may be able to please one.

What is Fayetteville's favorite flower? "Old fashioned sweet Williams" wa(l)ter lillys.
What is Fayetteville's favorite weapon? Mallett.
What are Fayetteville's favorite buildings? Banks.
Who is Fayetteville's greatest beauty? She is slo-com(b)ing.

To C. B.

Here's a Lawyer who's witty and smart
With brains and talent galore,
But possessed of one failing, 'tis sad to impart,
He considers that woman's a bore.

There's a "sport" in our town whose a banker,
So sweet! that the girls do all hanker
For just one little smile—but he gives all to Miss ——.
If she would leave town awhile,
We would thank her.
He's so "topy" and just up to date,
The most popular man in the State;
But we know to our sorrow
He loves only ——.
So 'tis useless to strive against fate.

A TOAST TO THE ABSENT BOYS.

In the pleasant land of friendship time and distance are unknown,
And to forget is not the thing, because it is not done.
Then here's a health to those who've cast their fortunes otherwhere.
May all the good things of the land fall thickly to their share.

J. W. Norwood, President. W. C. Coker, Ass't Cashier. W. J. Toomer, Cashier.

Atlantic National Bank,

WILMINGTON, N. C.

Liberal loans made on approved security at lowest rates. No interest paid on deposits. All Cash Collections remitted for on day of receipt. Accounts of individuals, firms, banks and other corporations solicited. Promptness, Accuracy, and Safety Guaranteed.

we

E. L. HUNTER, D. D. S. THOS. M. HUNTER, D. D. S.

DRS. HUNTER,

DENTISTS,

North-East Corner Market Square,

we FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

SHEPHERD BRYAN,

Attorney at Law,

No. 10 1-2 South Broad Street,

we ATLANTA, GA.

J. W. McNEILL, M. D.

Office Hours:
9 to 10 A. M.
12 to 2 P. M.
5 to 7 P. M.

we

T. D. HAIGH, M. D.

Office with Messrs. A. J. COOK & Co.

—o—

Calls Can Be Made by Telephone Day or Night.

we

JOHNSON & FORE,

Importing Retailers,

No. 111 Market Street,

Wilmington, N. C.,

THE LEADING DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT

—OF—

Eastern North Carolina.

AN UP-TO DATE, PROGRESSIVE FIRM WHO HAVE NERVE ENOUGH TO BUY THE BEST OF EVERYTHING IN THE LINE OF

Imported and Domestic Dress Goods.

TRIMMINGS, MILLINERY, FANCY GOODS,

Hosiery, White Goods, Cloaks, Jackets, Corsets, Kid Gloves, Fine Bric-a-Brac, Jewelry, and Novelties,

DRESS MAKERS' SUPPLIES.

AGENTS FOR

Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Underwear, and Imperial Paper Patterns.

Orders by Mail Receive Prompt Attention.

SAMPLES SENT WHEN REQUESTED.

Johnson & Fore,

NO. 111 Market Street,

WILMINGTON, N. C.

we

THE ORTON.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

To meet the requirements of the traveling public, rates at this Hotel are reduced to $2.00 a day and upwards.

THE ORTON is furnished with every modern appliance for the comfort and convenience of its guests, including Otis Elevator, Electric Lights, Steam Heating, &c.

$2.00 TO $3.00 PER DAY.

J. E. MONTAGUE, Manager.

we

Frank Thornton

HAS JUST RETURNED FROM

NEW - YORK - CITY.

WE ARE RECEIVING CASES OF GOODS DAILY.

OUR BIG STOCK THIS FALL

Will be Bigger Than Ever,

—EMBRACING—

The Latest Novelties in Dress Stuffs.

IN NEXT WEEK'S PAPER WE WILL GO INTO DETAILS.

we

Carolina - Baking - Powder

HAS TRIUMPHANTLY STOOD THE TEST OF TEN YEARS' TRIAL.

AN EFFICIENT AND WHOLESOME

BREAD PREPARATION

CONTAINING ONLY THE PROPER INGREDIENTS OF THE PUREST QUALITY.

ENTIRELY FREE FROM ALUM, AMMONIA AND OTHER HURTFUL ADULTERANTS SO COMMON IN LOW GRADE POWDERS.

With pride and pleasure I refer to the following testimonials:

We the undersigned take pleasure in certifying to the good quality of the Carolina Baking Powder, and recommend it as a home product worthy of all confidence:

Miss Anna McMillan, Mrs. Addison Worth, Mrs. A. H. Slocomb, Mrs. A. S. Huske, Mrs. E. J. Lilly, Mrs. J. B. Smith, Mrs. John B. Broadfoot, Mrs. N. A. Sinclair, Mrs. Hinsdale, Mrs. J. D. McNeill, Mrs. G. A. Thomson, Mrs. J. C. MacRae, Mrs. F. R. Rose, Mrs. W. J. McDonald, Mrs. T. D. Haigh, Mrs. J. D. Sessoms, Mrs. T. M. Hunter, Mrs. D. Sessoms, Mrs. N. W. Ray (used for ten years), Miss M. A. Mallett, Mrs. K. Sessoms, Mrs. G. A. Burns, Mrs. T. Sessoms, Mrs. U. C. Myrover, Mrs. W. Doug. Smith, Mrs. J. C. Jackson, Mrs. W. B. Draughon.

MURCHISON & CO.,

BANKERS,

Wilmington, N. C.

Unsurpassed facilities for Banking in all its departments. we

VISIT OUR NEW STORE

No. 9 North Front Street,

WILMINGTON, N. C.

KATZ & POLVOGT.

We Are Headquarters in This State

.....FOR.....

Dress Goods, Carpets, &c., &c.

—FINEST LINE OF—

BLACK GOODS

IN THE STATE.

Special Attention to Mail Orders.

—OUR STOCK OF—

Trunks, Window Shades, Lace Curtains and Upholstery Goods

CANNOT BE BETTER SELECTED.

Expenses Paid on Purchases Over $5.00.

—NEW STOCK OF—

CLOAKS AND CAPES

HAVE ARRIVED—LATEST STYLES.

KATZ & POLVOGT,

No. 9 North Front, after October 1, 1895.

we

CAROLINA INSURANCE CO.,

—OF—

WILMINGTON, N. C.

	Cash Assets.	Net Surplus.
January, 1891,	$53,243 15	$ 471 50
January, 1892,	56,358 68	3,414 39
January, 1893,	62,055 59	6,467 55
January, 1894,	66,040 40	8,266 53
January, 1895,	68,421 42	10,740 24

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DONALD MacRAE, LUHR VOLLERS

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CLAYTON GILES, Vice President.
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we Fayetteville, N. C.

INSURANCE.

Walker Taylor,

WILMINGTON, N. C.

we

IREDELL MEARES,

LAWYER,

17 Princess Street,

WILMINGTON, N. C.

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WILMINGTON, N. C.

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DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Diamonds,

SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

Spectacles and Eye Glasses in Gold, Silver, Nickel Steel, Celuloid and Rubber Frames.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired and Warranted.

Next to the Purcell House. WILMINGTON, N. C.

we

A. A. McKETHAN'S SON,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

VEHICLES,

Particular attention given to Repairing.

we

FAYETTEVILLE

Cedar Works,

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Fayetteville, N. C.,

MANUFACTURE

WHITE CEDAR

Pails,
Water Cans and Churns.

WHITE OAK

Stable Pails,
Well Buckets and
Five Gallon Kegs.

we

MILLINERY.

—o—

THE HANDSOMEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK OF

MILLINERY

EVER BROUGHT TO THIS CITY.

CALL AND SEE IT.

we Mrs. JOHN SHAW.

Administrator's Notice.

Having qualified as administrator upon the estate of the late George A. McDonald, notice is hereby given to all creditors of said estate to present their claims on or before the 14th of September, 1896, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery. All persons indebted to the estate will please make prompt payment to the undersigned.

JOSIAH COOK, Wade, N. C.,
Adm'r of George A. McDonald.
C. W. Broadfoot, Att'y.
Fayetteville, N. C., Sept. 14, 1895—6t

What It Cures.

Johnson's Chill and Fever Tonic is Guaranteed to Cure

1ST. CHILLS AND FEVER.
2ND. BILIOUS FEVER.
3RD. TYPHOID FEVER.
4TH. HEMORRHAGIS FEVER.
5TH. DENGUE FEVER.
6TH. MEASLES.
7TH. NEURALGIA.
8TH. LA GRIPPE.

NOTHING ELSE GUARANTEED TO DO THIS.

When you hear a man say he has something as good as JOHNSON'S CHILL AND FEVER TONIC, challenge him to prove it. Johnson's Tonic has made a record of having cured 14,974 cases of Fever out of 15,000 treated. No other medicine ever made this record.

This statement ought to interest you, and if it does, then write to me and I will give you particulars of this trial. If the merit of a medicine is gauged by the cures it makes, nothing is better than Johnson's Tonic. If it is gauged by how pleasant it is to take, then there are some that might be better.

If your object is to get well, take *JOHNSON'S TONIC*. If, however, your palate is of more importance than your life, take something else.

Johnson's Tonic costs 50 cents a bottle if it cures—not one cent if it does not. we

H. R. NOVITZKY,

—Leader in Fine Clothing—

My stock of Fall Clothing has arrived and is full and complete. I have undoubtedly the largest and best selected stock of Clothing ever offered to the people of Fayetteville, and will sell them at prices to suit the times. I have made a specialty of Boys and Children's Clothing this season, and no lady who has a boy should buy until first seeing my stock. We respectfully invite an inspection. we

J. R. Tolar. J. H. Hart. T. H. Blachly.

TOLAR, HART & CO.,

149 and 151 FRONT STREET.

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Commission Merchants

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JOBBERS OF NAVAL STORES.

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK COTTON AND PRODUCE EXCHANGES.

Liberal Advances on Consignments of Naval Stores and Cotton.

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DRS. MARSH & HIGHSMITH,

Office N. E. Corner Market Square,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

we

PEOPLE MUST EAT.

CALL AT THE STALL OF

J. J. MAINOR,

at Market House, and find out

WHAT TO EAT

in fat beef, lamb, mutton and all fresh meats in season.

we

FAYETTEVILLE

Oil Mills.

—o—

BUYERS OF

COTTON SEED

AND

SEED COTTON.

SELLERS OF

COTTON SEED MEAL

AND

HULLS.

—o—

We Have the Best Equipped Ginnery in the County. Give Us Your Patronage.

we

ROSE & LEAK'S

STOCK OF

DRY GOODS, SHOES, &C.,

WILL BE CLOSED OUT WITHIN THE NEXT THREE MONTHS AT WONDERFULLY LOW PRICES.

The business will be continued through September, October and November—possibly until the last of December. After that time

Every Article Will Be Sold At Auction.

In order to close out the business, a great many

New Goods

will be added to the stock from time to time, and these New Goods will be sold on the

Closest Margin.

This statement is made in a two-fold patriotic sense:—First, to help the ladies build a monument to the Confederate Dead; secondly, and most important, to let widows and children of the unfortunates know where they can get the nicest goods for the least money.

GIVE US A CALL.

E. J. Lilly,

we ASSIGNEE.

Fayetteville Steam Laundry.

NEW MANAGEMENT. NEW MACHINERY.

Mistakes Promptly Corrected and Good Work Guaranteed.

The patronage of the city and the surrounding country is respectfully solicited. we

WOMAN'S TRIBUTE TO THE GREAT DEAD.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE SOUTH'S GREAT LEADER.

His Birth on the Dark and Bloody Ground—On the Field of Battle—In the Cabinet—In the Senate—As President.

BY MRS. J. A. WHITE.

In the earliest decade of this country—when poor old King George III. sat on England's throne, and the first Napoleon held despotic sway over half of Europe, being then at the height of his glory, and like Alexander was "sighing for more worlds to conquer"; when our own United States were in their youth and Thomas Jefferson, impersonating Democratic simplicity, was President—from the south-western part of Kentucky, in 1809, there came a baby boy's faint cry, from the cradle of the future Confederacy.

The parents of Jefferson Davis soon thereafter moved to Louisiana, and later to Mississippi, where his early youth was passed, and where at the age of seven his memories begin. He developed from a weak, frail boy into wonderful vitality of body and mind. Early showing a thirst for knowledge, he entered a Roman Catholic college in Kentucky (which, however, did not make a Romanist of him), and later was appointed a cadet to the Military Academy at West Point, graduating four years later in 1828, receiving the rank of 2nd Lieut. with orders to report for duty at Jefferson Barracks, in St. Louis.

His life there was wild and adventurous, but a halo of romance encircled it, for it was there he met and loved the young daughter of Col. Zachary Taylor. In spite of opposition, the young officer, at the home of her aunt in Kentucky, married his first love. He retired from the army, and went to Mississippi to live on his plantation, but his frail flower faded; and, after a short life together, in 1835, she was transplanted to bloom in the "land that is fairer than day." Note the grief of the young husband as he pines for his companion! A timely sea voyage to Cuba restores his physical health, and he returns to the life of gentleman farmer. For eight years he enjoys his out-door life in peace and plenty.

In 1843 begins his political career as the opponent of that brilliant genius, S. S. Prentiss, for a seat in the State legislature of Mississippi. Two years later in '45, he marries again a young girl of eighteen, Miss Varina Howell, and is soon thereafter elected by his State a representative in Congress. He and his young wife journeyed by the long stage route to Washington, where they find comfort and many pleasures.

Think of the wonderful 29th Congress, when Clay, Calhoun and Webster, and that brilliant coterie of intellects, flashed on our political horizon. Mrs. Jefferson Davis in her book gives a most charming sketch of their social life at the capital. About this time the first telegraph line was stretched from Washington to Baltimore, and there the great men and women divided their attention—between the wire and the first sewing machine.

The distant mutterings of war with Mexico began to shake the country, and Jefferson Davis was called to resign his seat in Congress, and appointed to the command of a company as colonel, and ordered to the front of battle. He played a victor's part. Again he came home to settle down and enjoy the quiet home life, hoping never to leave the domestic fireside again. Not long did he enjoy it, however, for he was appointed to fill an unexpired term of Gov. Brown in the United States Senate. For the second time he was recalled by his State, and ran for Governor just three weeks before the election. He felt it was a forlorn hope; but, like our immortal Lee, duty was his watch-word. He responded and was defeated.

Certainly the time had *now* come for him to enjoy his plantation, also giving his time to his studies, for he was a great student of books and nature. His information was varied and extensive, and his associates tell us there was scarce a subject on which he could not intelligently converse. Only a few years of peace and domestic life did he enjoy, for in 1853 Franklin Pierce, in looking over the Gulf States for a member of his cabinet, chose Jefferson Davis as his Secretary of War, solely on account of his knowledge of military affairs, his superior attainments and success as an officer in the Mexican War.

From the cabinet he was for the second time sworn in as U. S. Senator from Mississippi, which position he holds till the war clouds gathered so thick and fast that he resigns his seat in the U. S. Senate, to espouse the cause of his hopeful Southland. On reaching Mississippi, he finds his beloved State has conferred her highest honors on him, by appointing him in command of her army, with the rank of Major General. His time is consumed in preparations for war, for the clouds have thickened and the inevitable cry "to arms!" resounds through the air.

Without his knowledge or endeavor, Jefferson Davis is elected by the convention in Montgomery, in the early part of February '61, as President of the Confederate States. Assuring his friends of his feeling of unfitness for the high position, but seeing the hand of duty guiding him, he reluctantly accepts the honor thrust upon him. On February 18th, '61, at the capitol in Montgomery, he was inaugurated, the first and only President of the Southern Confederacy.

We all know the story of that bloody struggle, from the first guns fired at Fort Sumter, on through the weary months and years of starvation and death, till the surrender of that grand General Robert E. Lee, at Appomattox Court House, the removal of the Capital to Richmond, the White House of the Confederacy, the home of President Davis and his family, till forced by the bombardment around the city to fly for safety.

Think of the man! frail, sick, defeated and a prisoner in a cell at Fortress Monroe, where the eye of the sentinel never slumbered nor slept. The feeling of being eternally watched well nigh exhausted his poor strength. Two long weary years he was a prisoner; but, finding no jury to try him, was released and went South to his once fair sunny home, to find it a barren waste, six years before leaving its broad acres fertile and blooming with cotton.

The poor man's shattered frame and nerves necessitated a sea voyage, whereupon he sailed with his family for England, where, in the quiet and peace of a foreign land, he partially regained health and strength. Patriotic and restless, he returns to America, and in hospitable Southern Memphis he finds for some years a pleasant home. Again unfortunate, he makes two more voyages across the water, at last casts anchor, and finds his haven of rest in beautiful Beauvoir on the Gulf of Mexico, where he writes his "Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," and his last days are spent in quiet and peace.

Although the President of a lost cause and all save two or more of his generals dead and gone, has the memory of their deeds faded away? No, never; while the Ladies' Memorial Association exists in every city and hamlet in the Southern States, and while these loyal ones bring nature's choicest garlands, each flowery May, to deck the graves of the brave and true, never, will the Lost Cause sleep the sleep of death! Congratulations to the women who have worked so faithfully to rear the Soldiers' Monument, and as its granite shaft points heavenward, may it inspire our children with love and patriotism, as we tell them of the brave soldiers, who fought and died for our dear Southland.

"How many a glorious name for us,
How many a story of fame for us
They left: Would it not be a blame for us,
If their memories part
From our land and heart,
And a wrong to them, and shame for us?

No, no, no, they were brave for us,
And bright were the lives they gave for us;
The land they struggle to save for us
Will not forget
Its warriors yet
Who sleep in so many a grave for us.

On many and many a plain for us
Their blood poured down all in vain for us,
Red, rich and pure, like a rain for us;
They bleed—we weep,
We live—they sleep,
"All lost," the only refrain for us.

But their memories e'er shall remain for us,
And their names, bright names without stain for us,
The glory shall not wane for us,
In legend and lay,
Our heroes in Gray,
Shall forever live over again for us."

Durham, N. C., Sept. 12, 1895.

THE GRADED SCHOOL.

Its Establishment and Successful Inauguration—A History of its Work, with a Glimpse at Its Personnel.

BY MRS. A. S. HUSKE.

The Fayetteville Graded Schools were established in the summer of 1878. Twenty Trustees were elected by a mass meeting of the people of Cross Creek township who selected the Donaldson Academy, the Fayetteville Female Seminary and the Hawley School House as the buildings in which to locate the schools. A thorough canvass of the township resulted in a subscription of about three thousand dollars, in sums from fifty cents to two hundred and fifty dollars. They elected Mr. John D. Williams, r., President; Col. C. W. Broadfoot, J. W. Welsh and S. Sheetz, Executive Committee; Mr. Jno. C. Haigh, Secretary and Treasurer. The teachers elected were: Mrs. Fannie Lanneau, Mrs. Sarah Bryan, Mrs. E. D. McNeill, Miss Sarah Ann Tillinghast, Miss Kate Smith, Miss Rachel Wright and Mr. J. B. Broadfoot. About the last of August Mr. Alex. Graham was elected Superintendent, and on September 15th, 1878, in front of the Seminary building more than four hundred children were enrolled.

Five hundred dollars' worth of books and two hundred seats were furnished free. Every school desk, and some, long out of use, were pressed into service, and thus two hundred pupils were seated. Ten-inch plank laid across common benches served for seats for over two hundred more. When these seven teachers were given about fifty scholars each, there were left ninety pupils without a teacher. The Superintendent took charge of these, and the ninety soon increased to 55 boys and 55 young ladies, one hundred and ten in all. This was our High School, better known as "Mr. Graham's Room," where for ten years he labored faithfully. Many improvements were made during his term and as the school grew older, the course of study was enlarged so as to fit men and women for the University.

The light kindled here in this good, old Scotch town was soon reflected in Goldsboro, Wilmington, Wilson, Rocky Mount, New Berne, Durham, Winston and Greensboro in the centre, and at Salisbury, Charlotte and Asheville in the west. Then all our smaller towns vied with each other in the establishment of similar schools. This school has the unique distinction of having two of its young lady pupils pass the examination for the A. B. classical course at the University of North Carolina, unconditional on either Latin, Greek, Algebra or English, and were graded higher on their entrance than two young men examined at the same time, who afterwards were graduated with high honor.

This school has been held up for communities to imitate from the mountains to the sea, in North and South Carolina. No other school, even at this late date, of the same kind has reached or even more than approximated the high standard of its curriculum of studies in its palmy days. It has the pround distinction of being the first to engraft classical and higher mathematical studies to the common branches in a free public school.

This school took the Greek medal and the forty dollars general chemistry medal at the University, the Orator's medal at Wake Forest, the English and Bible medal at Davidson College. The first honors were won at Salem, at Baltimore and Greensboro Female College by the young lady pupils of this school.

In 1888 Prof. Graham resigned his position here to accept the Superintendency of the Graded Schools of Charlotte, N. C., which office he now holds.

The following teachers have held positions in the Fayetteville Graded School—Superintendents: Graham, Sinclair, McIver, Covington, Buckham, Myrover and Miss Della Matthews.

Male Teachers—Messr. J. B. Broadfoot, J. H. Myrover, Jno. Hall, J. A. Hodges, J. P. Monroe, T. J. Simmons, Rich'd White, Geo. Huske, T. C. Brooks, N. A. Sinclair, Jno. McLean.

Lady Teachers—Mesdames Lanneau, Bryan, McNeill, Smith; Misses Wright, Tillinghast, Matthews, Mallett, Woodward, Watson, Troy, Haigh, Shepherd, Taylor, Farrar, Rose, Sutton, Tillinghast, Sedberry, Lamb, Evans, Worth.

Owing to great financial distress throughout the country in 1893, it was found to be impossible to support the school longer by private subscription, and the high grades were abolished, which reduced the standard to the level of a county public school. In 1894 the Superintendency passed into the hands of Miss Della Matthews of our town; first in so many particulars, our school is the first also to honor a noble, painstaking, tactful and successful lady teacher, as she is the only lady in the State occupying a similar position. Having made teaching the vocation of her life, she has thorough aptitude as well as personal interest, and has been able to make a thorough success of her undertaking. The public, through her monthly reports, have been able to follow her work, step by step. She is an excellent disciplinarian, and has the gift of imparting knowledge in an attractive as well as instructive manner. So faithful and conscientious had she been in the performance of all her duties that at the June meeting of the Board of Trustees she was re-elected by acclamation to the position.

Her public exhibitions were more than creditable. The funds which were realized by them were judiciously expended. Important additions were made to the school furniture and appliances. *We* are ready and willing to give her encouragement in her responsible undertaking, for we *know* that her success is appreciated and acknowledged by *all*.

"THE GREAT COMMONER."

NORTH CAROLINA'S ZEBULON VANCE.

A Noble Exemplar for Youth—His Beautiful Home Life—The Great War Governor—His Unselfish Patriotism—His Abilities as a Statesman.

BY MRS. NEILL W. RAY.

I am asked to write for The Woman's Edition of the Fayetteville OBSERVER a sketch of Governor Vance and his home-life. It is a subject peculiarly fitting for woman's pen; and, having been a frequent visitor at his home, and he and his having so often been at mine, I had opportunity, perhaps more than average, of knowing somewhat of the inner life of that great man, whose outer life was fearlessly walked in gaze of all the world, and whose every word was matter of quotation throughout North Carolina. But the theme has need of far more facile pen than mine. Would that some one, equal to the task, would give to the youth of the State a knowledge of the great War Governor, as he appeared in the social circle, that would stir our boys to be men of like minds with the never-to-be-forgotten dead.

As I write, the honored form rises before me, not with the weight of State affairs upon him, to address the expectant hearts of the swaying crowd, but as I knew him in my childhood and girlhood, an honored and ever welcomed guest at my father's table; no tinge of silver in his long raven locks, worn then full roached back from his low, but broad forehead; a rather fierce-looking mustache, which hid the ever-lurking smile; and there was that melting, kindling, romping grey eye, so familiar to us all, that never changed till death transfixed it.

Such is my photograph of him, taken at Richmond during the war, clad in a neat fitting suit of Salem jeans—for his heart was too loyal to his own section to beat under cloth made by the enemies of his State.

Oh! the memory of those Confederate war days, with their sorrow and suffering, and cruel severance of ties, never to be mended this side of Heaven! Is there not yet inseperably connected with them a proud something that carries with it fragrant memories of battles won, and the triumphant echoes from which reached our farthest homes; of a most honorable poverty which mocked at wealth, as being unpatriotic; of the gay life we worked up for the furloughed heroes who, on crutches, or with arm in sling, came back to us for a breathing spell while the spent Titans rested in Virginia?

No! it was not all gloom and smoke—those years of war—especially when you were in range of the never failing optimism of Gov. Vance. Others might wear long faces; not so he, who had best excuse for being depressed, with so many looking to him, and leaning on him for support and advice.

Rarely was he overcome; and yet some trials were too much for him; as when he wrote Gov. Swain in the closing, sombre days of 1864: "All arguments drawn from the military situation may be answered, but the cry of women and little children for bread cannot be; especially when in response to your appeal to their patriotism the sufferers rejoin: *You, Governor, have plenty; your wife and children do not want.*"

The iron entered into his soul, when he stood *powerless* before the sufferings of the defenceless of his land. But he did all that he could; and "*God bless Zeb Vance*" was heard from many a home, and many a camp and hospital bed. The Ad-Vance, so appropriately named, did not run the blockade to bring in fine goods for the delight of dudes—if such creatures then existed—but cotton cards for the lone mothers, who with such weapons fought the wolf from their doors; shoes, blankets, clothing and provisions for the soldiers in the field; quinine, calomel and other medicines and medical appliances for the suffering in the hospitals.

As I am told, the troops of other States, when they saw North Carolina soldiers with new hoes or blankets, would remark: "The Ad-Vance has run the blockade again; wish we had a Vance for Governor." All knew he was the one who suggested the ways and means for providing these comforts.

But one may say—what has all this to do with Vance's home-life? Go to the homes of the people, even to day, and you will learn that those qualities of head and heart which shone in *his home* gave a light which cast its benign influence all over the land, where it is still seen and felt. What array of adjectives can describe him in that happy home where he was always addressed and spoken of by the *mother* of his boys—as "Husband."

Truly it may be said, he was affectionate, tender, gentle, patient, constant, considerate, candid, open-hearted, companionable, hospitable, and generous to a fault. Yet these do not give you the hearty hand-shake; nor do you feel the broad throbbing palm that clasps yours; you do not hear the low merry chuckle of laughing welcome; you do not see the gladsome smile. Never did the husband and the man appear in finer light than during the last illness of the "mother of his boys"—ah! what a brave, saintly soul was hemmed up in the narrow compass of that lithe figure.

By those permitted the privilege of sharing, at that time, his care for her, it will be remembered to his honor, greater than any triumph of state, that he *stood in the breach* with Death; and fought with sleepless nerve, inch by inch, and hour by hour, to ward off attack and rescue from that cruel clutch his beloved. The contest was long; all science was invoked, but science was powerless to save; relief was in no case more than temporary. He carried her to the mountains, where she was born—to look with dying eyes upon scenes endeared by memories of innocent, happy girlhood, and of yet happier days spent with him in his young manhood. When death finally conquered, it was with submissive head that he bowed to the will of the Master, for he through her had found, like Andrew of old, the Christ. Bravely did he take up the burden of life, which for him then held such great and growing duties.

Let me draw the veil over these sad memories, not to be touched on, however tenderly; they are too sacred for the public to have part in them, yet I would that the public might learn how that gentleness and tenderness ever go with true courage, and that the truly great man is greatest at home, and to those nearest him.

The memory of Gov. Vance is a very precious possession to North Carolina, and no means should be spared to preserve and perpetuate it. In so doing, we shall repair in part our shameful neglect of the great dead of earlier times.

It was to a Fayetteville man, E. J. Hale, Sr., that he owed in large measure his *first* great rise in the political world. The Fayetteville "Observer" brought him into prominence, and in 1862 kept his name at the head of its columns for the governorship, until the people ratified the choice. He often referred to this among his friends, and, noble man that he was, he was grateful for it to the end of his days. As he entered through the portals of the "Observer" upon his great career, so fate seems to have decreed that his last political act should be consigned to its friendly columns. His letter of March 5th, 1894, to Major Hale, the son of his old friend and the present editor of the "Observer," which formed the basis of the leading editorial in its issue of March 8th, 1894, was, so far as known, the last letter written by him on a political subject.

It is an old saying "that no man is hero to his valet" but in Gov. Vance's case the rule found exception To Sam'l Johnson, (colored) of Salisbury, N. C., now unhappily deceased, (the fate of all good servants, I fear) his faithful attendant for many years, both in Raleigh and Washington, the Governor was always the *greatest* of men, as was evident to any one who saw his ministrations. And only in less degree was this true of the inferior servants of his household. They all remember him as their best friend, and have grateful recollections of his considerate remembrances of them and their needs—money to buy a horse for one; a cow for another, &c., &c.; none were forgotten in the glad Christmas time. And this was so after he became United States Senator, as well as when he was a country lawyer.

The Governor was a great lover of books and of newspapers—a keen gleaner. I do not know his favorite author. He had a fine library; the Bible always lay on his reading table, showing its frequent use. His knowledge and love for the Holy book is a matter of such common knowledge that no reference to it is needed. It was often the source of his readiness in reply, his pathos, his loftiest eloquence.

He regarded Paul as the first of logicians, Solomon as the greatest philosopher, Moses as a model statesman, and David as chief among poets.

I never knew his estimate of the prophets, as compared with those mentioned, but some of his finest figures in oratory were drawn from Daniel. The book of Job was one of his favorites; and in this connection I recall an incident illustrative of his aptness of address.

Being called on to welcome the State Medical Association at its meeting in Charlotte, he said, after many happy hits at the profession: "And now we have only to ask the terms imposed by the Lord upon Satan when he took Job: 'Behold, we are in thy hands; do with us as you will, only spare our lives.'" Again, I am reminded of being on the platform with him in this same city of Charlotte in 1875, on the occasion of the Mecklenburg Centennial, when during the cheering and clapping of hands at his opening remarks, the whole structure gave way, no one being seriously hurt, however. Continuing his speech: "*I never fail,*" said he in great good humor; "I never fail to bring down the house."

And now that I am in the reminiscent line, a friend suggests one, that, owing to Gov. Vance's modesty, may not have attained such general currency as most of Vance's sayings have.

When returning from the Seymour and Blair convention in 1868, the Governor, by *urgent* request, stopped over in Richmond to be one of the speakers at a ratification meeting to be held that night at the City Hall Provincial "*Ciceros,*" one after another, were brought forward and flatteringly introduced, whilst "Our Zeb," with a friend or two, sat in rear of the stage, awaiting his turn, which it seemed would never come, though he was, by odds, the most famous man there. "Cicero" No. 1 claimed to represent a county that held the bones of Henry. No. 2 was the guardian of Jefferson's bones. No. 3 of Madison's. No. 4 of Washington's. No 5 of Monroe's, and so on. During all this the chief guest wore a black brow, on which the clouds settled thicker, as the night wore on. At last eleven o'clock came, and Vance was introduced to a fagged, worn-out crowd.

"I come," he began "*from a State that has no bones; I represent no bone-yard; all the bones we had, except those in our living bodies, belonged to the unnumbered North Carolina Infantry who lie in front of Richmond, protecting your soil from invasion and your people from outrage.*"

And then the crowd rose to a man with deafening yells, which wiped off the slight of the managers. He then passed on to the campaign, which he touched as he ever did, with the hand of a master. Only apprentices had spoken in all the preceding hours. But

ZEBULON VANCE.

now the heart-opener, the blood stirrer, the laugh-kindler, the brain-tickler, was on his feet, and the crowd could not get enough; and long after midnight they were begging him not to stop, that they would cheerfully stay with him till morning.

In comparing Governor Vance with the great men of other States and times, those seemingly best informed tell me he was much like Charles James Fox, the great English Liberal; but certainly this was not true as to the home life of the two men, since Vance was as gentle, as patient and tender as Hawthorne at the Brook Farm.

He was carried by force from his home in the year 1861, a year burnt into the memory of the people of the South It was a year when simply by orders from Washington, without any process of law as provided by the Constitution, Governors and other officers chosen by the people were displaced and others provided in their stead.

Governor Vance had shared the fate of all good Governors, and had to leave the Mansion at Raleigh. He had secured a home in Statesville; Mrs. Vance was then in very feeble health; my sister was with her at the time to which I refer.

The Governor, who was necessarily absent a good deal, had gotten home and expected to spend his birthday, May 13th, with his family.

In spite of the many adverse circumstances, nothing would do the little wife, though she was in a sick bed, but celebrate "husband's" birth-day; the dinner was made ready, though the table did not groan with the weight of rich viands. The mother was too sick to take her place at the table, but the boys were there, and, with the Governor at the head of the table, vied with himself in cheerful, good-natured, humorous conversation. In the midst of the repast, a man in blue clothes, armed, was seen in the yard, and another, and another. The house was surrounded by United States soldiers. His first thought was the sick mother and wife, and how he might keep it from her; but the cook rushed into her room, in great fright, and said, "Lord! Miss Hallie, there's a thousand Yankees in the yard!"

The Governor went out, met the officer in charge, and looking about at the men, said in his good-natured way, pointing at the cottage: "It's unfortunate, but my house is too small to invite all my guests to come in," He then invited the officers to a chair on the front piazza till he could go and soothe the feelings of his sick wife. She bore it as bravely as he. "You must bring the officer in here, and let me see him," she said. All protested that it would only excite her, and do her harm; but she bade them hush, for "*see him I will,*" she said. The Governor brought him into the sick room, and, introducing him, said "Captain, do you need stronger proof of a welcome?" The Captain, trying to assure her, said "Madame, we will do him no harm" No, she said, the spirit of indignation at the meanness of the arrest rising in her, "*No, if you dare to hurt one hair of my husband's head, all North Carolina, to a man, will rise against you.*" She forgot for the moment that North Carolina was then "*a conquered province.*" After coming out from Mrs. Vance's room, the Captain was met by a brother officer, who said: "Well, how did you meet it?" "meet, indeed," he replied; "I met a little woman not much bigger than a sparrow, but as brave as a lion and as true as steel." How trying a time it was to both of them; yet they both bore up under it most bravely. After a few hurried preparations for his departure, the Governor was carried off, under guard, towards Salisbury, on his way to the Old Capitol prison.

The officers and men who took him were not to blame, but his arrest and imprisonment was a cowardly act on the part of the government of the United States. It was in keeping with that shameful, infamously cruel policy, which not only imprisoned Jefferson Davis in Fortress Monroe, the strongest fort in the United States, but thrust him into a casemate with an armed soldier standing over him, and then had iron fetters riveted on his emaciated limbs; the same policy which sent Alexander H. Stephens, then in most feeble health, to suffer in a cold, damp, cheerless casemate in Fort Warren in Boston Harbor.

One other reminder of him, or, rather, of his first wife. In the early years of their married life, Mr. Vance, as he was then called, was being urged by the Whigs to contest with Col. David Coleman for the State Senatorship in the Buncombe district. He did not incline to the race; Mrs. Vance was in poor health; his living depended upon sticking to his profession, the law, and he liked Col. Coleman in every way. He therefore declared that under no circumstances would he run, and so informed Mrs. Vance, who was then under constant medical treatment, and who was greatly relieved thereby. The family physician, a near friend of both husband and wife, was on his next visit greatly elated at this good news, and in his joy declared that he would vote against "Zeb" if he changed his mind. But this was much too unsatisfying for the little wife, and she came around in short turn as she ever did when "husband" was involved. "Sick or well, life or death, never show yourself in this house again if you dare vote against husband," she said, ignoring the remote contingency on which the Doctor's threat hung, and he had to retract the whole remark before she would be easy with him. Her love for her husband was so great, so entirely given up to a dear affection, that she thought the same things, and loved the same loves, and breathed in his soul, lived in his presence, languished in his absence; all that she was, or did, was only for, and to her dearest loved.

Of his later home-life I know personally almost nothing. Those who have seen it tell me it was marked by all that was attractive in the earlier time.

The last time I saw him was in July, 1892, at the Hammock hotel, to which he had gone in search of health. He was sitting on the piazza up stairs, from which he could look out on "old ocean," and draw in the invigorating salt air. For the first time in the many years I had known him, he failed to rise to greet us. Lines of suffering were plainly visible in his face. But his first remark was so characteristic of him. I was about to take a seat on the paralyzed side, when he asked me to place my chair on the other side, saying, "I want to always keep on the good side with you." He knew how sorry I was to see even a partial paralysis of his dear face. His lovely wife soon came out and joined us, and by her charming manner helped to make us loath to leave when the signal for our train sounded. The Governor joined in the conversation with somewhat of his old humor, but appeared to be thoughtful. In the conversation mention was made of the convention at Chicago, that had shortly before nominated Cleveland. He and Mrs. Vance were both far from thinking that it was the wisest or best nomination that could have been made. He commended the action of the North Carolina delegation in casting their vote for Stevenson, adding "North Carolina *always* does right," but, says he, "There's trouble ahead of us." Told that North Carolina had always been right in taking his advice, and that we hoped to have him yet many years as our leader, he sadly remarked: "North Carolina has always given all that I ask—far more than I ever deserved." But after this he paused, then added: "I am hoping for an inheritance that cannot be taken from me."

Did he *then*, with patriotic eye, see the troubles which *soon* distract our people, and was he tired and longing for that rest which we love to believe he is now enjoying? To add to his burdens there were some, to the credit of North Carolina, be it said, only a few, who found fault with his course, and wrote and spoke unkinds words about him. This hurt him sorely. But nothing daunted, conscious of the rectitude of his motives, he, though with constantly declining health, labored on, until death stopped his work and hushed his voice. On Sunday morning, April 15th, 1894, the home in which he had been the life was filled with sadness and gloom. The news was flashed throughout the land; it was caught off the wires, and friend met friend, saying with sad face and bated breath, "Vance is dead." 'Twas whispered from pew to pew, in the churches. 'Twas carried from home to home throughout the State—*Vance is dead*—all had lost a friend. "*A Prince and a great man had fallen.*" Truly, his memory is precious. What lessons shall the present, rising and the coming generations learn from his life, so true to his home and his State.

I can hardly think of Gov. Vance except as inseparably associated with the Confederacy, and both are now ghosts together. Yet if mortal could call immortals back, what a splendid vision would the present generation, just growing up witness, could my dream find realization. I think of our spectral South as a modern "Pucella," leading the charge, her eye lit with the fire of battle, her glorious white arms free, and waving banners of hope to all her suffering children.

The vision changes, and my maiden warrior is at the stake, with canting bishops, charging Rebellion's many sins upon her dejected head; but ever attendant upon her, "*true knight and leal,*" is the shade of our young Governor. The sweep of her robe touches his dusty coat of gray as they climb Malvern's embattled hights together; her disembodied spirit ministers to him in the waits of *the old Capitol prison* during that vicarious suffering. Let us hope that her other warrior children, with archangelic brows, now greet him brother, and give him place beside them "under the shade of the trees."

COLONIAL DAMES.

THE ORGANIZATION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Birth of the National Society—It Antedates the Daughters of the Revolution—Our Patriotic Women Are Making History.

BY MRS. WILLIAM CALDER.

Our society, as its name indicates, is a part of the "National Society of Colonial Dames of America," which is composed of the thirteen original States and the District of Columbia, making in all fourteen separate societies; each of which, after adopting the National constitution, is left free to frame its own by-laws and eligibility list, and elect its own officers and board of managers.

The initiation fees and annual dues vary in the different States:—In North Carolina the initiation fee is $3.00, and the annual dues $2.00. Each society sends delegates to the "National Society," which meets in Washington every two years, and the executive committee is composed of the presidents of the state societies and the national officers. And thus the States are kept in constant touch with each other, and the annual exchange of official letters required by the constitution keeps up the mutual interest in the work of the societies.

ORIGIN OF THE "DAMES."

What is now known as "The National Society of Colonial Dames" had its origin in New York some few years ago. Its growth was rapid, and the interest in it wide spread; but there came a time when conflict of opinion and dissensions arose, and the society divided—one portion remaining, as it still does, entirely to itself, and the other re-organizing, and with a spirit of patriotism and generosity inviting the co-operation and membership of all the other thirteen original Colonies. They gladly availed themselves of the privilege, and joined New York in obtaining a national charter. Georgia, North Carolina and South Carolina were the last to enter and thus complete the sequence of States.

THE STATE SOCIETY.

The North Carolina Society was organized by Mrs. George Wilson Kidder, who, after repeated solicitations from the National officers, reluctantly undertook the work; consenting only at the last moment when the National secretary wrote her word that at the council soon to convene in Washington, North Carolina, would be the only one of the "original thirteen" absent, and urged her to organize at once for the glory and honor of her native State. She then began the plan of organization; calling together a few of our ladies, from which number our officers and board of managers were elected. We materialized sufficiently to send delegates to the aforesaid council. This was March 24, 1894. On June 29th, 1894, we obtained our State charter through the kindness of Mr. Eugene S. Martin, whose unflagging interest in our work, and valuable legal advice and aid so generously given, has guided our untutored foot-steps over many a difficult path.

We consider our society now on a firm foundation; its life and success so far are due entirely to the efforts of Mrs. Kidder, whose indomitable energy and patience, together with great executive ability, has done everything for us. Our officers are elected annually by ballot, and regular monthly meetings are held by the society or board of managers. The North Carolina Society is rapidly increasing its membership through the last ruling of the National Executive Committe, which voted to admit women who reside in the non-Colonial States to the societies of their ancestral State.

We have held one annual meeting, followed by our first "social function"—a brilliant evening reception given by the society at the house of our president, at which time Colonel Alfred M. Waddell gave one of his usual happy addresses on "Colonial Days and Dames."

We are daily asked: "What is the object of your society, and what are its plans and purposes?"

Its fundamental prineiples are patriotic, historical, literary and social.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

It is said that a nation which forgets its past is on the way to its decline, and we hope to keep from utter oblivion in the rapid whirl of this era the names of our ancestors—the honored men and women whose labors and sacrifices in Colonial times laid the foundation stone of this great republic. Not upon the valor and patriotism of the Revolutionary hero does the "Colonial Dame" of to-day base her claim of eligibility. The perpetuation of the names of these brave Americans is left to still another organization, "The Daughters of the Revolution."

THE CONONIAL PERIOD.

The claims of the "Colonial Dame" must antedate even that patriotic era; in the words of the National constitution, "The Society of the Colonial Dames of America, must be composed of women who are descended in their own right from some ancestor of worthy life, who came to reside in an American colony prior to 1750, which ancestor, or some one of his descendants, shall have rendered efficient service to his country during the Colonial period, either in the founding of a commonwealth, or of an institution which has survived or developed into importance, or who shall have held an important position in the Colonial Government, and who, by distinguished services, shall have contributed to the founding of this powerful nation." Services rendered after 1776 are not recognized, the "Society of Colonial Dames" considering that as the end of the Colonial period.

MAKING HISTORY.

Our country has just reached that milestone in its march of progress when it can claim a history. We are retrospecting as well as advancing. It is an era of organizations and commemorative societies. We hear of the "Sons of the Revolution," and the "Daughters of the Revolution;" the "Sons of the Colonial Wars," and the "Huguenot Societies," and even a revival, or new birth of the old order, so well known and far famed as the Cincinnati. One and all have the same object—the stimulation of literary interest in the past history of America, and in the noble lives of our ancestors.

We do not wish our society to become merely a fashionable "fad;" it must be beyond and above this.

Appended is a list of the officers and board of managers:

President, Mrs. G. W. Kidder.

Vice-Presidents, Mrs Virginia Gwathmey Empie, Mrs. Clayton Giles.

Recording Secretary, Miss Augusta Lane McPherson.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. William Calder.

Treasurer, Miss Louisa Cutlar.

Historian, Miss Mary Sumner Kingsbury.

Registrar, Miss Caroline Green Meares.

Board of Managers, Mrs. J. Williams Murchison, Mrs. John Wilder Atkinson, Mrs. John Hal Boatwright, Mrs. William L. Williams, Miss Elizabeth Savage Waddell, Miss Eliza Augusta Potter, Miss Hannah Patterson Bolles.

Advisory Board, James Sprunt, Eugene Martin, William McKoy, Willliam Calder.

Doctors Say;
Bilious and Intermittent Fevers which prevail in miasmatic districts are invariably accompanied by derangements of the Stomach Liver and Bowels.
The Secret of Health.
The liver is the great "driving wheel" in the mechanism of man, and when it is out of order, the whole system becomes deranged and disease is the result.
Tutt's Liver Pills
Cure all Liver Troubles.

CARPETS! CARPETS!!
Are you interested in Carpets? If so, we would be pleased to show you. We have arranged with one of the largest mills in the United States whereby we are their sole representatives in this locality. We carry a full line of the NEWEST PATTERNS in
ALL KINDS OF CARPETS.
WILTON CARPETS,
MOQUETTE CARPETS,
AXMINSTER CARPETS,
VELVET CARPETS,
BODY BRUSSELS CARPETS,
TAPESTRY CARPETS,
THREE PLY CARPETS,
INGRAIN CARPETS OF ALL GRADES.
You have as fine a variety to select from as is carried by the stores in the largest cities.
You can have the Carpets CUT AND SEWED AT THE MILL, and delivered to you ready to be laid on the floor.
We represent the manufacturers, thus saving you the middleman or jobber's profit, and as we have no stock to carry and no risk to take on bad patterns, misfits, or remnants we can afford to *sell at a very small profit*—LOWER EVEN THAN THE STORES OF THE GREAT CITIES.
Call and find out how *quickly* and how *cheaply* we can carpet a room or a house.
W. H. NEWBERRY & SONS,
Manufacturers and Dealers
IN ALL KINDS OF
Furniture and House Trimmings,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
9-12-95

GEO. A. OVERBAUGH,
—DEALER IN—
REAL ESTATE
Cash loaned on improved city Real Estate.
we

HENRY L. COOK,
ATTORNEY at LAW,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
Practices in all the Courts
we

G. B. PATTERSON, D. D. S.,
DENTIST,
After 10 years experience offers his professional services to the public.
OFFICE:—Over Bank of Fayetteville.
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
we

BEVILL & VANSTORY,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
HORSES AND MULES.
Correspondence solicited.
we

FOR FINE REPAIRING
—IN—
WATCHES,
Clocks - and - Jewelry,
Try FRANK BEASLEY.
we

RESURGAM!
TILLINGHAST'S CROCKERY STORE
is receiving New Goods every week.
we

JAS. R. McNEILL & SON,
Undertakers
—AND—
EMBALMERS.
A FULL LINE OF
COFFINS, - CASKETS, - ROBES, - &C.
A FULL LINE OF
ROOM : AND : PICTURE : MOULDING
OF LATEST DESIGNS, JUST RECEIVED.
Prices reasonable. Samples furnished upon request.
we

JNO. S. AEMSTRONG, President. F. R. HAWES, Acting Cashier.
The National Bank of Wilmington,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
CAPITAL, - $100,000.00
Solicits Accounts of out of town Merchants, and invites correspondence from all who contemplate changing or opening new accounts. With our resources and unexcelled facilities for transacting a general banking business, we can assure you that all business entrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention. Loans made at lowest rates on approved security.
we

The Wilmington Savings and Trust Co.
Acts as Executor, Administrator, Guardian or Trustee.
Rents Safety Deposit Boxes in Fire and Burglar Proof Safes.
Pays Interest at the Rate of 4 per cent. Per Annum.
Loans made at Lowest Rates on Approved Security.
we

J. R. WILLIAMS. J. A. MOORE.
J. R. WILLIAMS & CO.,
GENERAL MERCHANDISE BROKERS
AND
INSURANCE AGENTS.
WILLIAMS BUILDING.
AGENTS LOUISVILLE PACKING COMPANY.
we

"MYRTLE HILL"
CANNED
Peaches, Tomatoes, Pears,
Each Can Guaranteed Absolutely Pure.
For prices, &c., address
we S. H. STRANGE, Manager.

Cold, Colder, Coldest.
J. R. HIATT,
No. 22 Gillespie St.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
ICE! ICE! ICE!
Delivered anywhere in the city Free.
we AT 75c. PER 100 LBS.

STOVE WOOD.
I will deliver the best of
STOVE WOOD
at your house at 75c. a load or 5 loads for $3.50. Try a load and be convinced.
Telephone Call No. 30.
we L. A. WEEDEN

Fall and Winter Goods
are on our shelves, and we invite the attention of our Town and County Customers to our Full Line of
DRESS GOODS FOR LADIES,
Hats, Shoes and Furnishing Goods for Youths and Men, with other articles usually making up a varied stock.
Our Salesman, Mr. H. H. Preston, will be glad to receive his friends. J. S. MAFLESBY.
we Next door to P. M. Post

POE & CO.,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
BRICK
—AND—
DRAIN - TILE.
Paving Brick a Specialty.
we

D H RAY & CO.,
FANCY GROCERS,
CLAIM
That They Have Secured, and Retain the Best Class of Custom in the State

WHY?
BECAUSE
THEY DEAL WITH ONLY THE MOST RELIABLE HOUSES;
THEIR GOODS ARE AL

THIS IS WOMAN'S DAY.

THE OBSERVER.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., SEP. 12, 1895.

WOMEN'S EDITION.

CHIEF BUSINESS MANAGER:
MISS DELLA MATTHEWS.

ASSISTANTS:
MRS. A. S. HUSKE,
MISS MAGGIE MALLETT,
MRS. B. C. GORHAM.
MRS. J. B. SMITH.

CHIEF ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT:
MRS. A. H. SLOCOMB.

ASSISTANTS:
MRS. T. M. HUNTER,
MISS MAY BROADFOOT,
MISS ELEANOR MORRISON.

TOWN AND COUNTY.

"They eat my victuals and drink my tea,
Then go about town and talk about me."

Maybe we'll have to hereafter hold our peace, but we are having a heap of fun right now.

One of the objectionable buildings at the foot of Haymount has been taken down and a neat fence put across the lot.

Misses Mallett, on Rowan street, will have water-pipes conveyed into their house this week, and they hope that others will follow their example and do likewise, thereby causing the expense of sewerage to fall lightly on all.

A Pretty Dwelling.

Mrs. Hinsdale will occupy her charming new house on Dick Street—whose efficient architect has been Mr. Carr—about the 1st of October. Haymount congratulates Dick Street on its acquisition—but the congratulations are given with hearts very sad over "the Hill's" own loss.

Southern Express Company.

The Southern Express Company has greatly reduced their rates on produce matter from Mt. Airy, N. C. It might be well for our dealers to have such matter sent via that movement where careful handling is guaranteed.

Their Money Order system for small remittances is very convenient, and rates low.

Historic St. Mary's.

It may be of interest to the readers of the WOMAN'S EDITION to know that St. Mary's School, whose advertisement appears in this number, was a place of refuge during the late war for the wife and children of President Davis, and that the daughter of Gen. Lee was educated there. In fact, many were the daughters of the South who were entrusted to the care and protection of Dr. Aldert Smedes, the beloved founder and rector of the school. It is interesting to know also that for six weeks the Federal soldiers were encamped in St. Mary's grove and that throughout this time the order of the school was not interrupted. So rare indeed was Dr. Smedes' tact that no unpleasantness of any kind occurred, even though it was well known that four of his sons had served in the Confederate army. Two of these fell upon the battle-field; and one, a chaplain, the present rector of the school, was for some time imprisoned in the Old Capitol. It will give pleasure to many who see this notice, who have perchance had mothers, sisters or wives educated at this institution, to learn that under the present guidance the school in point of scholarship has fully kept pace with the demands of the times, its pupils being now allowed to enter Vassar on certificate, and in point of training its girls to be refined and noble women, it has in all respects fulfilled the hopes and ideas of its founder.

The County Fair—What Shall We Do With It?

A well-managed county fair is always conducive to the general welfare, and should enlist the interest and evoke the pride of all public-spirited citizens. It attracts large crowds, and brings money to the county-seat, besides being a medium of advertising the different industries and varied products of its section.

But the very breath of success is the fire of enthusiasm—and nothing is more contagious than enthusiasm. With this bright flame let us burn out the old stolid indifference, carried over from one year to another—many of the people failing to attend, the people declining to become exhibitors, the whole thing voted a bore. The reporter will venture to say that, any time during the past twenty years, a visitor's impressions of the fair for one year would describe all the years—no change, no variety, no advancement.

Let us bury the old fair; and, "Phœnix-like from its ashes," bid a new fair arise; dress it in new garb, call it a new name, interest the new woman in it, bringing to it her executive ability, her advanced ideas, her indomitable energy. Then, and then only, will we have a fair attracting large numbers—and their ducats.

In the details of the management of the fair there is much room for improvement. With Fayetteville's large extent of territory, most of those attending the exhibition must ride, and the cost of horse hire to transport families is beyond the reach of limited means. A transfer line should be established by our liverymen, making the rates for the conveyance of passengers such as to render a ride out to the grounds possible to all.

In the latter days of the war, the overwhelming numbers of the enemy broke through Lee's skirmish and battle lines by the mere force of weight—that's one thing the matter with the county fairs of the Cape Fear and Pee Dee sections. The *clientele* and patronage are too much divided and diffused. Why not have a consolidation of them all, making one great Agricultural and Industrial Association?

Mrs. D. McD. Grady and family, left Wednesday morning for Whiteville, N. C. Mr. Grady is the clerk of the court of Columbus county.

THE CATCHY KODAK.

SNAP SHOTS AT PEOPLE PASSING.

Take a Peep. Perhaps You Will Find Personal Pencilings Pithily Pointed at You.

Mr. Cameron McRae went to Annapolis on Sunday night, to stand the final examination for the Naval cadetship.

Master Albert Slocomb goes to St. Luke's School, Bustleton, Penn., on the 20th.

Mrs. Thos. Murphy and children, of Salisbury, are visiting Mrs. J. A. Worth and Mrs. Sinclair on Haymount.

Miss Fannie Tillinghast is visiting friends in Pittsboro.

Mr. Frank Slocomb leaves soon for Dothan, Ala., to go into business.

Miss Georgia Worth returns this week from Sorrento, Bar Harbor, and Rockland, Maine, where she has been visiting Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Moody.

Miss Florence Colman, of Crescent City, Florida., is visiting Miss Mattie Sedberry.

Mr. Walter Watson and family have returned from Carolina Beach, where they have been spending the summer.

Messrs. Ben and Leighton Huske have returned from Connecticut. They have been visiting their brother, Rev. Kirkland Huske.

Mrs. Duncan Cromartie is visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. H. Ray, on Rowan street.

Junius P. Sutton is in the city for a few days, visiting his aunt, Mrs. D. H. Ray.

Mr. George B. Underwood has just returned from an extended tour of the Northern cities.

Mr. W. G. Moore is at the Battery Park, where he has captivated many hearts. Fayetteville is also represented at Asheville by Messrs. R. L. Williams, S. H. MacRae and Ed. Daniels.

Capt. John Walker is in Hickory, visiting his mother.

Mrs. Walker Taylor and Miss Virginia Cumming Taylor will be in the city this week.

Miss Margaret Rose left Monday for Talladega, Ala., to take a position as art teacher.

Messrs. Louis Hale and James Kyle have been taking a little trip down the river.

The attractions of Hamlet have proved too much for Mr. Tom Rose, and he left Monday for that place.

Miss Loula Fitzell is quite ill with typhoid fever.

Miss Laura Kyle came home from Wytheville, Va., Friday, after a charming visit.

We are glad to learn that the little son of Mr. A. S. Huske is improving.

Miss Nan Kyle leaves for Brooklyn Saturday, where she will spend some time.

Miss Mary MacRae leaves for Virginia the latter part of this month.

Miss Eliza Rose has returned from Morganton, where she was much improved.

Mr. Charles Bidgood is visiting in West Virginia.

Miss Nelly Morrison and Miss May Broadfoot are anticipating a charming trip to New York the last of September.

The people of Fayetteville are glad to see Miss Mattie Chamberlain in our midst again.

Mr. Marsden Haigh has returned from his summer outing.

Mrs. Jno. B. Broadfoot leaves the first of next week for the North and Northwest.

Mrs. Morrison has had a charming trip to Wilmington, but inadvertently got left.

Miss Kathleen Bryan, of Newbern, who has many warm friends in Fayetteville, has been spending the summer in our midst.

Mrs. Sarah McMillan and Miss Melinda Ray have gone to visit friends at Warwick, N. Y.

Mrs. E. W. Kennedy, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. A. S. Huske, leaves to-day for Baltimore.

Master Don Ray left Saturday to visit relatives in Morganton, Gombroon and other mountain resorts.

Notes by the Way.

"Myrtle Hill," the beautiful domain of Mrs. Cochran, has been improved by the addition of a porter's lodge, near the southern gate, while further on, in the grounds, a new large water tank shows Mrs. Cochran's kind care for man and beast.

***

The "Tell-More Lawn" will be a new name to many of our townspeople, but a drive over the hill and west of town for a few miles will bring the pretty cottage and farm into view—one of the many object lessons which our enterprising friends, the Fitzell Bros., have given since their coming among us.

***

A walk down Cool Spring one afternoon lately showed a wonderful transformation in its aspect. The old, unsightly houses of a short while ago have given place to pretty homes, whose denizens, evidently interested in books and papers, and enjoying their pleasant piazzas, give an air of comfort and ease to their improved surroundings.

***

We have been delightedly impressed of late with the brightened look of the homes of our people, who are really getting out of the "slough of despond." Lovely flower gardens and vine-clad porches tell of taste and cultivation; and beside many "a bonnie brier bush" perhaps will go forrth lads and lassies to make the world better, brighter, happier by their lives.

***

The summer birds are coming in from their outings, and schools and business will soon be in full swing. New Fayetteville is a very nice town in which to live. Let us, one and all, think so, and strive more and more to make it attractive—this sweet old garden spot of dear Carolina.

LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN.

ROSE-BUD'S HYMN.

Upon my little bed
I lay me down to sleep,
And pray Thee, Lord, from harm
Thy little lamb to keep.

I know that Thou art near;
My tender Shepherd Thou,
And I, thy little lamb,
Watch o'er my slumber now.

Though dark may be the night,
Let me not yield to fear;
And keep in safety, Lord,
The friends to me so dear.

Forgive me every wrong
That I have done this day,
And make me pure in heart,
Like Thee, dear Lord, I pray.

And when the morning light
Awakes me from my sleep,
Help me throughout the day
Thy holy law to keep.

But should my little form
This night in death grow cold,
Then Lord, thy little lamb
In thy dear bosom fold.

THE CAT'S FUNERAL.

POOR MRS. TABITHA TORTOISE SHELL.

Grandma Indulges in Circumlocutious Loquendi—Lived a Century to Have a Leg Nipped Off at Last—Turgid Oratory and Imposing Obsequies.

BY MRS. KATE MCNEILL.

"Rummaging amongsome old papers to-day, children, I found this copy of a sermon my cousin Jack preached when I was a little girl, at the funeral of an old cat. Would you like to hear it?"

"Oh, yes, Grandma," exclaimed the children, "please tell us all about it."

Grandma was soon seated with the little ones around her, and thus began:

"Old Tabby belonged to my cousins, but we were so much together that we felt she was as much ours as theirs. She was a very large cat, and her fur was spotted all over with black and yellow; and, as she always kept herself clean, she was an uncommonly handsome cat. She was not only a great mouser, but would catch birds, and these she never ate, but would bring them to the house and give them to the children. She would always select the youngest child and lay the bird at her feet.

"If there was a baby in the house, and he happened to be asleep when Tabby came in with a bird, she would let no one else touch it, but would lie down by the cradle until the baby wakened, and then give him the bird.

"She had been in the house longer than any of us could remember, and as we had each, in our turn, received her gifts, we were all fond of her, and were greatly distressed when Jack found her one day in the barn, with one hind leg and her tail caught in a steel-trap which had been set to catch rats. He brought her to the house, and my uncle, who was a physician, did every thing he could to relieve her, but could not save her life.

"One morning our cousins sent us word that Tabby was dead, and we must come over and spend the day and prepare for the funeral. There were Mary and Annie and Jack, our cousins, and Nellie, Charlie and I, and a busy day we had.

"I forgot to tell you that old Tabby had a daughter cat, spotted like herself, and two little kitten grand-children; and we decided they must all wear black at the funeral. We searched the rag bags and found some old black crape and bombazine, and we girls were busy all morning in making a bonnet and dress for the old cat, and caps and mittens for the kittens.

"Jack and Charlie were to dig the grave beneath a large catalpa tree in the back yard, and make a headstone for it.

"We had quite a discussion over what was to be put on the tombstone. 'Every body has two names,' said Jack, 'and Tabby must have two. I vote we call her Tabby Birdcatcher.'

"'Cats that have such beautiful spots over them,' said Nellie, 'are always called tortoise-shell.'

"'That's it, exactly,' said Jack; 'Tabby Tortoise-shell it shall be.'

"'But you must not write her name Tabby,' said Mary.

"'Why not?' asked Jack.

"'Because everybody puts the real name on a tombstone. If you were to die, papa would not have Jack put on your tombstone, but John, because that is your real name. Tabby means Tabitha.'

"'Very well,' said Jack, 'Mrs. Tabitha Tortoise-shell. Now how old was she? for we must have her age on her tombstone.'

"Nobody knew, for she had been in the house before any of us were born. After much discussion we came to the conclusion that she must be a hundred years old.

"'Now,' said Jack, 'we must have a verse of poetry to put below her age; who'll write it? I can't.'

"We all insisted that as Mary and Nellie were the oldest, they must produce the poetry, so they took pencil and paper and sat down under the old willow tree in the back yard, and by the time Jack and Charlie had cut and planed the head-board they had the verse ready. Then Jack and Charlie went back to the tool-house to print it, and when they returned this is what we saw: a board about a yard long and a foot and a half wide, rounded at the top; and on it was printed, in letters of all shapes and sizes:

'Here Lies The Body and
Three Legs and No Tail
of
Mrs. Tabitha Tortoise-shell.
Aged 100.

Mrs. Tabitha is done gone dedd
Caus her leg and her tale was so soar;
A trap to ketch rats ketched her insted,
And sheal never keteh rats no more.'

"Mary and Nellie insisted that Jack had altered both words and spelling, but Jack declared he had printed the verse just as they wrote it; and as he had destroyed the copy they could not prove the charge; but we all knew that Jack loved to play tricks, and was not quite as truthful as he ought to be, and as it was too late to make a new head-board, we comforted Mary and Nellie by telling them that every body would know it was one of Jack's pranks.

"Three o'clock was appointed as the hour for the funeral, and we all assembled on the back porch to form the funeral procession.

"Jack had a dog called Ole Bull, for the great violinist; and, as he and Tabby were very friendly, Jack said Ole Bull must head the procession. Mary tied a black ribbon around Ole Bull's neck, and Jack put an old beaver hat on his head; then Jack, carrying the coffin under his arm, took hold of one of Ole Bull's fore-paws, and Charlie took the other, and made the dog walk on his hind legs. Mary and Nellie followed, leading the cat in the same way. The cat wore a long black dress and a bonnet and veil. Annie and I each led a little kitten, with a black crape cap on its head, black mittens on its arms, and a black cravat tied around its neck.

"When we reached the grave Jack laid Tabby in it, and then we sang one of our Sunday school songs, and Jack preached us a sermon; and this was the sermon he preached:

'My friends and fellow-mourners:—An appalling catastrophe has to-day overwhelmed us like a cataclysm. Our venerable friend, Mrs. Tabitha Tortoiseshell, is no more. Suddenly and unexpectedly has she met catalysis. Though advanced in years, no fearful catalepsy had deprived her of her graceful movements; no dreadful catarrh had lessened the music of her voice; no cataractous affection had dimmed the lustre of her eyes. You will scarcely accuse me of using a catachresis when I say that her caterwauling was still beautiful to the ear. Time will not permit me to catalogue her exploits, or make a category of her virtues. When I first found her, sorely wounded, she was herself a cat-a-gory. The birds might accuse her of Catalinism, but to us, I can categorically affirm, she was ever gentle and kind. Had she been cataphracted, she might never have been a cat fractured; but, alas! her pliant limbs could not withstand those teeth of steel. In vain did the most skillful physician of our country administer decoctions of catapuce and catechu, in vain did he bind the fractured limb in catagmatic cataplasms, and, when all other means had failed, sever it with his catling; all efforts to prolong her valuable life were alike abortive.

'We lay her in no dark catacomb, but leave her here in the pleasant sunshine where she loved to sleep. We build for her no gorgeous catafalco, but with loving hands we make her grave beneath this beautiful catalpa; we plant at its head her favorite catnip, and the delicate flowers of the catsfoot and the tall spikes of the cat tail shall mark her last resting place.

'Amid the branches of this over-shadowing catalpa the cat-bird will sing its sweetest songs, and yonder willow will drop its earliest catkins on her grave, and though we see her no more, in our memory her catagraph shall ever live.'

"As soon as he had finished Charlie exclaimed: 'Jack, you got your big brother to write that sermon, for you never could have put all them big words in yourself.'

"Jack looked around with great indignation: 'Nobody speaks at a funeral, Charlie, except the preacher—and the mourners cry.'

"Then, getting down from the box on which he had been standing to preach, he pulled Ole Bull's ears until he howled, while we girls pinched the cats to make them mew. When we thought they had cried enough for old Tabby we took off their clothes and let them down on their four feet, and they all ran away as if they were glad the funeral was over.

"I suspect they were, for they had been standing a long time in an unnatural position, besides having their ears pinched."

"Oh, brother Robin," said little Gretchen, when Grandma had finished, "don't you wish our old cat would die, so we could have such a boo'ful funeral?"

western part of the site. This was executed on Dec. 20, 1790, and referred to the other "conveyance of land to the Commissioners, their heirs in office for ever, for the sole use and benefit of Cumberland County."

Mr. Hogg was great grandfather of our loved Dr. Huske, and has numerous other relatives in and around Fayetteville. He was a man of considerable property. He gave the Masons their lots on St. John's square July 23, 1793. His homestead, which Dr. Huske now owns, facing the Masonic Lodge, has been owned and occupied by five generations of his family. I have been able, after varied and persistent research to find out very little about the earliest years of the Court House. 'Tis possible, though, that 'twas built as soon as the title to the land was good, which was in 1790. Mr. Hogg's portrait adorned the walls for many a year; in fact, so many years that few knew who it was. I hear 'tis in the hands of an artist now for retouching, but it appears to me that when the walls of the old Court House fall, the most appropriate place for his portrait is to be buried in its ruins. I do not mean any disrespect to one to whom the county owed so much; oh no, but after a century or more resting on the walls of the old Court House, he would seem and feel strangely out of place elsewhere. But, perhaps, when he comes from the artists' hands painted and rejuvenated he'll want to stay with us another century. Mr. Hogg died in 1805.

THE MORTUARY ROLL.

Our honored Judge, R. P. Buxton, is the only lawyer now with us that practised in the old Court House before the war. "The only link that binds the Fayetteville bar of to-day with that of the past." To him I am indebted for the names of lawyers who practised at the Fayetteville bar before the war, up to the present time among them John L. Taylor, Wm. Duffy, Colin Shaw and John A. Cameron. Prominent among those of the succeeding generation were Alex. Troy, John D. Eccles, Elliott Bros., Architects. Dedicated in May 1894 by Judge R. P. Buxton. The land was purchased from Mr. F. W. Thornton for $2,500. The reason given for changing locality was, that some of our attorneys found the *walk* too long, to and from their offices. But we, who are advocates of fresh air and exercise, especially for *brain-workers*, think the reason we have heard *no* reason at all. If the Court House had been put in the centre of the block, upon whose corner it is, it would have made a very commanding appearance. The building itself cost $20,000. It is a well-built, attractive looking structure, one of which the county can be justly proud. It was draped in mourning for our lamented Vance before it was ever occupied by the county.

ALL HAIL AND FAREWELL

There has been some rumor afloat that the *necessary* but *odious* companion to the Temple of Justice will also, in course of time, be moved. I am sure the "jail-birds" would welcome a *much longer* walk, but possibly they aspire to a *better neighborhood*. Let *them stay* where they *are*, oh ye Commissioners, or we will inflict upon you *another* "Woman's Edition" wherein we can vent our wrath. The new Court House is airy and convenient inside and much more adapted to the comfort as well as the safety of its occupants than the old. Welcome improvement! Welcome progress! Give our *new* Temple of Justice a cordial hand-shake, while at the same time we wave a long farewell to the *old* building ere it crumbles to the dust.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

OLD COURT HOUSE.

An Historic Landmark.

THE OLD AND NEW COURT HOUSES.

The Bequest of James Hogg—The Old Time Bar of Fayetteville—Dedication of the New Court House—Ring Out the Old, Ring In the New.

BY MRS. T. M. HUNTER.

Allow me to lay this tribute at the door of one of the oldest landmarks, one worn out in the service of Cumberland County, before its walls are crumbled to the dust. What can be more interesting than a building that has stood the test of storms more than a century?

Not only of elementary disturbances can I write here, but *stormy* debates, the quick flashings of wit and the *thunder* of judicial wrath. These and more cluster around our old Court House. Walls have ears, and have not these listened to talented and learnod judges, lawyers and solicitors as they plead for their recreant clients and earnestly charged their jurors? They have also heard the sighs and groans of criminals, as well as the exclamations of heartfelt relief when the verdict, "not guilty," fell on the anxious throng.

HISTORY OF THE OLD COURT-HOUSE.

Farewell old Court House, farewell. Many a friend staunch and brave has had his friendship tested to the fullest extent "well known and dreaded for his wit," Dillon Jordan, Jno. Huske, Thos. D. Hybart, of "a ready tongue and a trenchant pen," the last Borough member sent to represent Fayetteville, Louis D. Henry, and Jno. D. Toomer, a Judge in both Superior and Supreme Courts. Robert Strange, Sr., and Robert Strange, Jr., have both left records of brilliant minds and sterling worth. Jno. and Warren Winslow, and Jas. C. Dobbin and Jesse G. Shepherd formed strong legal firms. Archibald A. T. Smith, Walter A. Huske, J. W. Evans, Wm. H. Haigh, Wm. S. Mullins, Jas. Banks, Clement G. Wright, Peter Patterson, J. W. Cameron, Thos. B. and Geo. B. Wetmore, Duncan K. MacRae, David Reid, B. F. Atkins and Thos. S. Ashe, are all bright names and all practised law here. Wm. B. Wright deserves especial mention, for has not his mantle of paternity as "Father of the Bar," fallen on one of our citizens? He is described as a "man of majestic form, large in body and soul."

THE LATER GENERATION.

We now come to lawyers of a later generation, who have been associated with lawyers now in practice, but who have gone: B. Fuller, an able lawyer, who with his brother T. C. Fuller formed a strong law firm; M. J. McDuffie, Jesse T. Warden, Jos. Baker, Jr., J. W. Baker, Jr., Henry Mullins, Henry W. Horne and W. L. McKay; Benjamin R. Huske, whom everybody loved, fell, as did so many of his comrades, a victim to the cruel war; Neill McKay, A. R. McDonald, Wm. H. McGary, Jno. K. Strange, Jas. C. Dobbin, Jr., and Benjamin Robinson. This closes the mortuary list of the Fayetteville Bar. They

"Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking."

***

"Ring out the old,
Ring in the new."

The new Court House was built in 1893,

NEW COURT HOUSE.

within your walls. Your floors are worn by many whose steps trod only in the path of duty; many who labored so earnestly and faithfully for the rights of their country as well as their countrymen, who are now, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Fayetteville was settled in 1762, was chartered and became the county seat of Cumberland in 1784. Tradition has it that the first court house was built of logs. The present site on St. James' square was given to the county by Mr. James Hogg, March 29th, 1790. I have seen, through the courtesy of Col. Alderman, a deed to the north

WHY WE SHOULD BUILD THE MONUMENT

BY MRS. J. B. WORTH.

In the stirring times of '61, when the voice of war was heard in the land, and the cry was, "To arms!" the first North Carolina regiment that marched forth to the roll of the drum contained two companies from old Cumberland—the La Fayette Light Infantry and the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry. In the first general engagement of the war, the battle of Bethel, these companies participated. From then on her people never faltered, (the story of the troops that were raised and sent forth has often been told, and needs no repetition here—a number in excess of her voting population) until at the last, when Lee and Johnston surrendered the last remnants of a valiant host, the men of Cumberland were among those who laid down their arms; and, accepting the results of the war, turned their faces homeward. During those four arduous years, how many laid down their lives for their country on the field of battle? How many languished in prison? How many suffered from wounds and exposure?

Shall their sacrifices be forgotten, or their noble deeds be unrecorded? Nay, rather let them be carved on stone and written in brass, that future ages may know that, though the cause was lost, the heroes of it are remembered; their honor and fame are far dearer in defeat to the women of the Southland than if they had returned, crowned with victory, and needed no vindication.

As Cumberland was among the first in the field, it is fitting she should lead the way, among the counties in the State of North Carolina, to erect a soldiers' monument. The chivalry and nobility of character of a people may be judged by its monuments, the memorials it rears to those who have served or suffered for their country.

The nation that does not feel the impulse to commemorate noble acts, to raise a stone or inscribe a tablet so that the memory of those who have gone before shall not perish from off the earth, must indeed be sunken in ignorance or steeped in selfishness. Thank Heaven, the race to which we belong are not so. In working for a monument, we think of those who are gone, and are apt to imagine that we are doing something for them, something that will do them some good, and so we are so far as we cause their memory to be held in respect and justice done to their motives. But they have passed to the great beyond; to us and our children accrues the benefit. We have the privilege of working for a noble cause, the good that comes to us from toiling unselfishly without hope of reward; to our children comes the knowledge that deeds of bravery and nobility are not forgotten; that there is something higher in life than mere getting and keeping; that love and remembrance, honor and renown, await those who serve their country in sincerity, although success may not crown the effort.

So we say to our sisters of the town and county, come and join us in rearing this shaft on the historic site of the old court house, a location excelled by none in beauty and fitness, where four broad streets meet, near by "the city of the silent", where so many of our brave ones lie—mothers, wives, and sisters, who still remember how blithely our soldiers marched away, who still hold dear the memory of those who returned not; those who saw not again the riverside, the sunny uplands, the pine forests of the land of their birth.

Women of Cumberland, let's all unite and never cease our efforts until the monument to the soldiers of Cumberland county rears its crown toward the blue skies of our beloved North Carolina.

The cities of the great West and Northwest are evincing great in the forthcoming Southern States Expositiox at Atlanta, Georgia.

North Carolina Women.

THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS TO LITERATURE.

The Artistic Christian Reid—The Forceful Mary B. Clarke—The Erudite Mrs. Spencer—Poets and Essayists.

BY MISS KATE H. BROADFOOT.

Though comparatively few of her women have turned their attention to literary pursuits, still North Carolina possesses some writers of whom she may justly be proud.

Of late years, the first of those who have come before the public in a literary way are Mrs. Mary B. Clarke and Miss Fisher (generally known by her "nom de plume" of Christian Reid). The latter is the daughter of a prominent citizen of North Carolina, of weight and influence in its public affairs, a gallant officer who laid down his life in its defense. This gifted woman, descended from the bluest blood of North Carolina, first devoted her abilities and turned the poetic fervor of her nature to letters, with the prosaic end of recovering and restoring in a measure fortunes fallen in the vicissitudes of war. Her constancy and steadiness of purpose proved her not unworthy of her ancient name and lineage, while the impress of her genius soon showed itself on the current literature of the day.

Christian Reid, thoroughly artistic in all her writings, in the construction of her stories, is, in her delineation of character, especially skillful. An ardent lover of nature, it is in the clear portrayal of its beauties that she particularly excels. Intensely patriotic, she infuses her love of country into the minds of her reader, and not the least delightful result of "Land of the Sky" is the fact that it has inspired its thousands with a new and lasting passion for the noble "Old North State." A critic has declared her "Daughter of Bohemia" to be the most skillfully constructed novel of its day. Rather let us say it is a triumph of her rare artistic culture. Her characters, however, are never stiff or artificial, but her heroes are ever brave and manly, her heroines never less than pure and womanly.

Her last book has engaged the attention of a celebrated French translator, and this gifted daughter of North Carolina is not unknown and unhonored in the *salons* of Paris.

One could scarcely find, in the domain of literature, a more decided contrast than Christian Reid and Mrs. Mary B. Clarke.

It would be difficult to imagine Christian Reid as a "fin de siecle" writer, engaging her mind in the contemplation of "up to date" subjects, and one could not possibly fancy Mrs. Clarke as anything else.

One is decidedly introspective; the other is the reverse. One lives in a world of her own, and makes the reader come and look upon this fairy land which she has created and peopled.

The other asks, for the sober cravings of her intellect, no better field than the realistic world around, and in that she toils and toils nobly, finding there her plot, her subject, her heroes and heroines.

Mrs. Annie L. Duffy, another member of an influential family of North Carolina, next arrests ones attention. Possessed of unusual intellect and a woman of much culture and refinement, she has given us some beautiful poems full of exquisite grace and delicate thoughtfulness.

Her fine descriptive powers are admirably shown in "Thualbais," a poem of great merit and marked originality. A collection of her poems, written at odd times and without a view to publication, met with flattering success. Their style is pure, simple and forcible, while the calm but fluent flow of her verses is in itself the best proof of her superior gifts.

The author of a number of quaint dialect stories, Mrs. Mayhew, is also a poetess of no mean ability. "My Ship" being her best production in that line. She has now in preparation a novel to appear at an early date, which will, judging from her former writings, have much popularity.

Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer stands in the foremost rank of our women writers. This woman, of sturdy English stock, and endowed with talents of an uncommon order, has gained considerable distinction, both as a poetess and an historian. Brought up from early childhood in an intellectual atmosphere, she took and completed creditably the course at the University of North Carolina, and her scholarly education was of inestimable value, when, later on in life, she adopted literature as her profession. "The Last Ninety Days of the War" was her first and most successful book, bringing its author at once into prominence in literary circles. This has been followed by a number of poems and an history of North Carolina. For the latter she has been severely criticised, her ideas not being in accordance with those of the people at large. However, after its alteration to suit the demands of the public, she refused to acknowledge the work, thus showing herself capable not only of originating opinions but also of maintaining her views. Her style is strong, clear, fluent and peculiarly her own, while her letters are not unfrequently characterized by "rare" wit and spicy humor. She was for years correspondent of some of our leading papers, and has made for herself quite a name in journalism.

Mrs. Spencer also enjoys the unusual honor of being the only woman in the United States who bears the degree of L. L. D., this degree having been conferred on her by the University of North Carolina, as a mark of appreciation of her valuable services and continued interest in its behalf.

Another rising historian of great promise is Mrs. Sally S. Cotten, a true, womanly woman, quick and graceful in action. She is ever ready with tongue or pen to communicate information and to defend opinions. Thoroughbred American, of good lineage, and having admirably fulfilled the duties of motherhood, Mrs. Cotten, though not yet past the meridian of life, has nevertheless found time to interest herself in the general welfare of the women of her State.

She served as commissioner of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and, incidental to the duties of this position, became very much interested in the early history of North Carolina and in the fate of Virginia Dare.

Collecting all the threads of traditional legends referring thereto, she has incorporated them into a poem of decided merit, now in the hands of a publisher, and which will deserve a popularity equal to that of "Hiawatha," by Longfellow, and in its metre and subject matter will recall vivid recollections of that sketch of Indian life.

Mrs. Cotten has also written a novel describing Reconstruction times and incidents, which will soon be published. This has been highly praised by all who have been favored with a perusal of the manuscript. She is also booked for an address at the Atlanta Exposition, to be held in October. Her future is indeed bright and promising, and the productions of her pen will undoubtedly entitle her to a high place in our literature.

Mrs. Cicero Harris, also a North Carolinian, is a journalist of note in Washington.

Our Fayetteville women, too, have not been unknown in the annals of literature, the "Reply to the Conquered Banner," by Miss Sarah Ann Tillinghast, being widely read and much admired.

Mrs. Miller published a collection of poems under the title of "A Basket of Chips." She is well known by the *nom de plume*, "Luola." The best of her poems was that "On Hammond's Grave," the famous old fifer of the F. I. L. I.

Mrs. Lena Leete Grinnan was a scholar and journalist of bright promise, but her brief career was cut off by death, while she was still an earnest worker in the missionary cause in Japan.

A LA MODE.

"DRESS MAKES THE MAN" (OR WOMAN).

"The Glass of Fashion and the Mould of Form"—"Costly Thy Habit as Thy Purse Can Buy."

BY MRS. JAMES G. KENAN.

Fashion dictates that little girls from 5 to 10 shall wear blouse frocks, made of soft woolen plaids, in grey, mixed with white, red and drab—made with large, square collars lined with silk of bright shade, cuff to match lining—embroidered edging finishes off the collars. Camel's hair, nun's veiling, China and India silks make pretty dresses for children. Square collars add to the style of a child's dress, made of dress material—coarse lace or velvet. Black hats of straw or felt are worn by children, with black hose and shoes.

For large girls plaids are equally stylish as for little girls—in small checks, trimmed largely with buttons up the sleeve and down the box plaits or the waists, with wide, square collars.

Soft silk sashes tie prettily around the blouse waists of girls of sixteen—in bright colors to match dresses. Black hats seem to be in favor.

Skirts for young girls are worn to shoe-tops—made in full patterns with stiff lining around bottom, the width of wide hem so as to stand out.

YOUNG LADIES.

For young ladies, white gloves or very light tan, with black stitching, are very well for full dress—darker shades for walking or shopping.

Buttons, large and small, will reign supreme, and Dame Fashion says you can tell the cost of a dress by the quality of buttons used—down the sleeve and on the box-plaited waists.

Sleeves still hold their own in length and breadth. "Fibre chamoise" seems to be in favor for stiffening.

Skirts are very wide, some having eleven gores. The bottom of all skirts have a stiff lining, the width of a wide hem, and the effect most desired is to stand out around the bottom. Wide plaits in the back are more fashionable than godets. The skirt hangs plain and with an easy grace in front.

Blouse waists are still just the thing—shot-silk, woolen crepons, silk plaid and surah the fabrics used.

Figured taffetas are most suitable dresses for autumn gowns.

All plain bodies and waists have a yoke or square collar made of some light, pretty material or of lace, guipure or open-work. These are made separate and add to the dainty effect of a toilette.

Black felts have taken the place of straw, and toques are worn by both young and married women.

Little capes of light texture of tan and grey mostly are desirable, with ribbon ruches around neck and long ribbon bows. These capes are short and are cut both round and square.

Pointed patent leathers for full dress give a lady's foot a dainty look. No woman should dress on the street as she does in doors. Quiet, elegant taste in public. Bright, beautiful colors, with soft, filmy lace, and ribbons in her parlor.

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we

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THE MEN HAVE A CHANCE IN THIS PAGE.

WOMEN'S EDITION.

JOAN D'ARC.

THE PEASANT GIRL OF LORRAINE.

Ppiritual Exaltation Redeems France from England—The Armed Maiden Crowns Charles VII.

BY MRS. F. R. ROSE.

It is both interesting and profitable to refresh the memory from time to time with historic facts, and to recall the valorous deeds of heroes and heroines, who, years and years ago, passed from life's arena. No hero or heroine ever left a more wonderful record on the pages of history than did Joan of Arc. Her remarkable achievements and her sad end possess—and will always possess—a fascination for every student of history. At the present time renewed interest in all the details of her remarkable career is being manifested, not only in France, but throughout the world; so that it is hoped that a simple outline of her beautiful life may be well received, even if it adds nothing new or original to the many things that have been written about her. Our heroine has been criticised for assuming the garb of the opposite sex, and for exercising herself in matters beyond her sphere in life. This is the same class of critics who write much about the coming woman, holding her up to ridicule in every way possible. The limners of the humorous press picture the "new woman" clad in men's attire, pursuing the avocations usual to men; and they relegate the sterner sex to the duties of the kitchen, the laundry and nursery. Thus, by ridicule, they strive to check the ambition of those women who aspire to do more for humanity in the future than their repressed condition has allowed them to accomplish in the past. Before one is led to think lightly and with ridicule and contempt of the "new woman" movement, let him turn to history and see what woman has accomplished in the past; and, as "history repeats itself," let no one doubt that deeds of valor—even such as placed Joan d'Arc upon the highest pedestal ever occupied by man or woman before—may again be enacted, and that, too, *by women*.

To satisfactorily account for what was accomplished by Joan d'Arc and to properly estimate her character, it will be necessary to know something of the age in which were enacted the marvelous events in her memorable career.

Nearly five hundred years ago a considerable part of France was under the rule of England. This unhappy state of affairs had been gradually brought about, partly by conquest and partly through intermarriages among the French and English royalty, by which vast possessions of land and many people became the heritage of the English crown. About the time that history first mentions this simple peasant girl, Joan, that portion of France not dominated by the English was ruled by regents—the Dauphin of France not being yet crowned—and France was in imminent danger of becoming a mere province of England. The French people—indeed all people—were most superstitious. And while they gave to the Church and to its priests the most abject obedience, their lives were far from being saintly. A writer describes this century as "the most brutal, the wretchedest, the rottenest in history since the darkest ages." He adds: "Lying was common speech of men; honesty was a lost virtue; the keeping of a promise was not expected of anyone. Loudness and corseness were universal, and society, even in the highest places, was foul and corrupt." Belief in the supernatural, in visions and witch-craft prevailed among all, even the best informed. This, then, was the moral and political situation of France, when the intrepidity of a simple peasant maiden prevented France from becoming a province of England, and placed the crown upon the head of Charles VII.

Joan was the daughter of peasant cottagers who dwelt on the borders of Lorraine. She was born in 1412. She was one of five children. Her parents were honest and industrious. She had no instruction in reading or writing—in fact, accomplishments of this kind were rare even among the nobility, being confined at this age chiefly to the clerics and priests. Her mother taught Joan to sew and spin; and she also received, at an early age, instruction in the tenets of the Christian religion. All accounts of this simple maiden agree in describing her as an industrious, modest, kind-hearted, rather religious girl, preferring to assist at mass, rather than to join with children of her age in their sports. She was fond of outdoor pursuits, and loved to drive cattle and horses to graze and water, frequently mounting the latter; and thus, doubtless, she acquired that equestrian skill and fearless riding, which, in after years, exacted the admiration and amazement of all. When not otherwise employed she spent much of her time under a kind of natural bower, made by an old beech tree, whose descending branches formed almost a dark grotto. Here she began to imagine that she held converse with fairies, and saw visions of angels, and heard voices of departed saints calling on her to re-establish the throne of France. That the unhappy condition of her land should weigh upon the mind of an imaginative, superstitious and rather precocious maiden, is not surprising; for the troubles of France were the constant subject of discussion at the fire-side and on the village green. Her young heart was soon fired with the belief that she was to be the Heaven-sent deliverer of her suffering country. This soon became the dream and one idea of her life. Finally she was visited by angels, who told her the time was come for her to go forth on her mission. How she was to begin it was a source of much perplexing thought. Her parents, observing the change that had taken place in Joan, were much disturbed when she disclosed to them what was on her mind. They feared that she might disgrace them and herself by starting for the wars with some stray band of soldiers that might pass that way. So they urged her marriage with one of the village swains. All appeals of her parents and her suitor were in vain. He even took steps to compel her consent by having her cited to appear before the magistrate, charging her with having promised to marry him and then refusing to do so. She defended herself in a wonderful manner, convicting her suitor of falsehood and gaining for herself the increased respect of all the village people. At length, in ardent pursuit of the dream of her life, she interested her uncle in her plans and convinced him that her visions were more than dreams; and that she really had a mission from Heaven to discomfit the English and to crown the King of France. At her earnest entreaty her uncle accompanied her to see the Governor of the province. At first the Governor thought her demented. He refused her request for men-at-arms to escort her to the king; and advised her uncle to whip her and to take her back to her home. Finally by her persistence, and by her telling the Governor that the King would lose a battle the same day she was appealing to him, he was induced to say that he would furnish the escort she asked for, if he found what she had told him was true. It took a week for tidings of the battle to reach this remote part of France; but at the end of this time the Governor was amazed to hear that the battle had really been lost to the King as Joan had told him; so he began his preparations to furnish her the mounted escort and other things necessary for the march. She was furnished with a splendid white charger, and armed *cap a pie* as a knight. Her fame now began to spread rapidly; and the people flocked from all directions to see the one who was to deliver France.

Long before she reached the King it was widely circulated and firmly believed that one sent from God, a maiden, was on her way to overthrow the enemies of France and to bring about the coronation of the King. It is to be remembered that the King, the people and the army were most superstitious; every one had become disheartened; battle after battle had been lost—more from a lack of spirit than from any other cause.

When Joan actually arrived, heralded in advance as she had been, she created the wildest enthusiasm and filled the soldiers with the spirit that had been so long absent from them; and they began to believe in their power and her power, and their ability to again win battles. She is described as being most beautiful. She rode magnificently on her splendid white charger; her long hair streamed down her back over her shining armor, and altogether she appeared to be what was claimed for her, the "Heaven-sent deliverer of her country." The King, at first incredulous, was soon convinced of her miraculous gifts and mission; and he permitted her to direct the operations against the English, who were then laying siege to the city of Orleans. Although she had never seen war before, the French officers obeyed her suggestions and orders; and she frequently led them fearlessly into the very thickest of the fight.

Victory was on the side of the besieged city, and Joan, on her white charger, rode into the city in triumph.

One success after another followed. Joan was wounded in more than one engagement, but not seriously. Finally the English were driven back and became so disheartened that it was thought best to crown the King of France. This was done at Rheims, just as Joan had predicted it would happen. Her mission fulfilled, Joan wished now to return to her humble home; but the King would not permit this. One is obliged to wish she had done so, for in that case the pages of French and English history would not have recorded the fearful crime of her awful fate.

She continued with the King and his soldiers for some time, but seemed to have lost her old spirit, and to be longing for her home.

She was at last captured by the English, and after a year of cruel treatment in prison, she was led forth to a frightful death, being burned at the stake!

The ecclesiastical authorities tried to convict her of witchcraft, but were unable to do so. But as they held her responsible for the reverses that overtook the English, and her death being desired by all, some pretext was found to justify the awful sentence that was pronounced upon her, and this gentle maiden, so pure, so guileless, was consigned to the flames, and died a cruel death.

This event will always be disgraceful to England, and also to that King of France who made no exertion to save her from her awful fate—a fate which overtook her because of her heroic and successful efforts to give him the crown!

Joan was a brilliant example of what can be accomplished when one believes thoroughly in herself.

She had wonderful courage and impressed others with her fearlessness. She is the most notable figure in all history, and will never be forgotten.

THE MONUMENT OF 1868

The Noble Efforts Which Secured Its Erection

Shortly after the close of the war the ladies of Fayetteville, being anxious to honor the remains of the soldiers who died in and near the town, and were buried in various localities, succeeded in having them all interred in the old cemetery, on historic Cross Creek.

After this was accomplished they desired to erect a monument to their memory and that of our brave solders in general; and, as they had literally no money, many plans of procuring means were discussed, and finally it was decided to act on Miss Maria Spears' suggestion of making a silk quilt which could be raffled.

The first meeting for this object was held at Mrs. Jesse Kyle's; after that at the residence of Mr. Chas. B. Mallett, as Miss Spears was a member of his household; she designed, cut and drew the pattern for embroidery on every square, there being not less than 3,000 pieces, making when complete an elegant piece of work. The quilt was raffled; and the sum of $300 realized, with which the present monument was bought and erected. Mrs. Lewis, of Tarboro, N. C., won the quilt and presented it to our loved ex-President, Mr. Davis, which action was most grateful to the makers of the quit.

Nothing gives the few remaining ladies who labored for this monument more pleasure than to lend helping hands to build another and handsomer one in our old town. A most beautiful letter was written by Jefferson Davis on receipt of the quilt.

A Charming Reminiscence.

No contribution fails of a place in the "Woman's Edition"—solely from the fact that the ground had been previously taken—more to our regret than the sweet little reminiscence of LaFayette from the pen of Mrs. R. W. Hardie, descriptive of her personal recollections of the great Frenchman in 1825. She was then a little girl of 6 years.

Mr. E. D. Kyle and family have returned home, after a pleasant sojourn of several weeks in New York.

Miss Mary Monk, of Wilmington, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ronald McMillan.

Mr. Douglas Hamer, of Laurinburg, N. C.; Mr. Pervis Laurason and Miss Washburn, of Little River, are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Floyd, on Hay street.

Mr. Geo. B. Crater, representing the Charlotte Observer, made Fayetteville a call this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Brizilla Worth have been visiting Mrs. J. A. Worth on Haymount, and returned home last Tuesday.

One case of Unlaundered Shirts; regular made New York Mills, all sizes, price 75 cents. Our price 49 cents.

FRANK THORNTON.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

"IN A MULTITUDE OF COUNSELLORS THERE IS WISDOM."

The fair women of Cumberland county, now engaged in the erection of a monument to our honored dead, are entitled to the hearty support of all our people; and the vim, energy and, above all, unanimity with which they are prosecuting the work furnishes to the *male* portion of our citizens ah object lesson which they might well follow: *unity of action*. They have clearly demonstrated what can be accomplished when all, in a union of forces, are working to the same great end. Our population will compare favorably with that of any town in character, intelligence, morality and ability; yet we are constantly at variance, seldom pull together, and fail utterly to realize the adage: "In union there is strength."

W. S. COOK.

DEPENDS ON OURSELVES.

The future of Fayetteville depends on the push and enterprise of its citizens in establishing factories and other industries, with careful training of our youth in such useful arts and sciences as will fit them to be capable managers of such industries. We should also cultivate friendly relations between town and country, and cease to wait for others to come in and help us; we must help ourselves. Finally, let us make our homes pleasant and attractive, for the beautiful in life never impairs the useful.

MORE PUBLIC SPIRIT.

We want more public spirit, and should offer inducements to capitalists to invest their money with us in various manufactures. Industrial schools would be of untold benefit, both for this and future generations. Let our motto be: "Truth and Honesty," and every man, woman and child should remember the Golden Rule in their relations of employer and employed: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them."

MISS M. A. MALLETT.

LIGHT.

Though much has been said, *pro* and *con*., on the subject, I wish to mention a few facts with regard to street lights. The subject was agitated in early spring, through the columns of the Observer, and at one time we were led to believe that but a short time would elapse before we would have the much needed electric lights on our streets; but, because of a miscalculation as to the probable cost of the electric plant, the plan became a failure, the proposition for a bond issue being killed by its friends. But are we to give up in despair because of the futile effort once made, and live in darkness for the remainder of our existence as a city and people? Is it not a shame that a town of our resources and advantages should be left in total darkness, and its citizens made to grope in gloom and peril? Strangers cannot comprehend why our streets are unlighted, and make unfavorable comment. Can we be contented with this state of affairs?

I hope every citizen of the town will fully realize the importance of a thoroughly lighted city. The ladies are subjected to many fears and misgivings in going out at night, to church and elsewhere, because of the foreboding evils that await them in the distressing gloom, not sure that the next step may not find them in a mud-hole or ditch. Therefore, again I say that it is positively necessary that the town of Fayetteville secure electric lights, and I hope this matter has not been neglected from lack of proper consideration on the part of the board of aldermen. "Let your light so shine that others, seeing your good works, may be guided by them."

MRS. E. E. HOWELL.

CO-OPERATION AND ADVERTISING.

There could be no stronger force in our industrial progress than an earnest, judicious and concerted effort on the part of the business men in advertising to the world the many advantages of our city as a manufacturing centre; in conjunction with this, an active system of co operation among the people in building factories and inaugurating enterprises of all kinds; and, with it all, a feeling of harmony and a common desire to subordinate the individual interest to the public good.

H. W. LILLY.

COOPERATION AND CONCERT OF ACTION.

We are often asked: "What is for the best interest of our town?" The answer may be given in many ways.

Good schools on the plan of our Graded School now, unfortunately, a thing of the past, would add to our population, improve the mental and moral condition of our youth, and be of inestimable value to our posterity.

Good roads leading to our town would add materially to our prosperity. Both of these we can have with very little outlay of money. But, in addition to these, there is one thing needed by us as a community—concert of action, more trustfulness in each other, a thorough co-operation in all objects that aim for our good.

When we can agree to come together and work together for a common purpose, we can build—as Charlotte has done—co-operative cotton mills, from the accumulation of our small earnings. We have equal advantages, yea, greater natural advantages, than any other town in the State, desirable sites—transportation by water and rail, cheap fuel and cheap labor.

Now, to the writer's mind there is nothing that is better for us to do than to build cotton mills on the co-operative plan. When we come together for this one object, other enterprises will present themselves and we can soon double our present population.

CHARLES HAIGH.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

Writing for the press is entirely out of my line, but, when called upon by our noble women to lend a helping hand in one of their many works of love; I find I have not the heart to refuse—and the subject set me, "Fayetteville and Her Needs," is one that should command our thought and attention at all times. Born and reared in the old town, it is but reasonable that I should think it the garden spot of the world; yet this does not blind me to our needs. Ours is an old town, with advantages not possessed by many and surpassed by none; yet we have quietly rested on our oars, and have allowed much younger places to get far in advance of us.

Now, there must be some cause for this, and, in my humble opinion, our first and greatest need is to find out the trouble, and, once found, to take steps to correct it. The official reports establish the fact that for climate and health we surpass some of the health resorts with national reputation. Secondly, our lands and soil are so varied that in a radius of ten miles soil adapted to the growth of almost every product of the State can be found. Thirdly, our railroads, branching out in five different directions give us quick outlets to the markets of the North, South, East and West, and the Cape Fear river insures us low rates of freight at all times.

Then why is it that we are not thriving and prosperous, as some of our sister towns? Can it be that we have hid away the "talent" that has been intrusted to us, notwithstanding nature has been lavish in the preparation of the field for its active use? Some will say that we are poor, that we suffered severely from the war; but the war ended thirty years ago, and are we never going to recover? We cannot expect to be prosperous unless we work and push forward. It is an old but true saying that where there's a will there's a way." Charlotte demonstrates this in her many cooperative cotton mills; and, poor though we be, we can follow Charlotte's example, and lift ourselves up by concert of action and the retention at home of what capital we possess. Patronize our own Real Estate Agency, whose business record is splendid, instead of making the same investment in agencies abroad. Let us come together as one united force to make Fayetteville the great manufacturing centre of the State. The field is here; only let the right man arise for the work.

A. A. MCKETHAN.

IMPROVE OUR ATTACTIONS AND ADVANTAGES.

Some force, of course—the crossing of roads, navigable water—has determined the original aggregation of business and dwelling-houses that constitute a town; but, after a while, the mere aggregation becomes itself a force. Fayetteville presents, in a greater degree than any other place in North Carolina, the illustration of a community ready-made by forces that long ago ceased to contribute to its upbuilding. All towns that have access to markets should foster manufactures, and Fayetteville especially, in so far as her water transportation gives her an advantage in freights. But the exceptional circumstance above mentioned should command our greatest attention. Health and pleasure seekers find here most of the attractions of old and once rich communities. Unsurpassed railway facilities have put us in their way. Some conveniences and embellishments are all we need. We have water: we must have a sewerage system. Hay street should be paved with vitrified brick from the foot of Haymount to the Market, its side-walks widened, its roadway narrowed or "parked." We have a fine hotel building: it should be refitted in the style in which that Englishman has re-created the Benbow House in Greensboro, the effect of which has been that this time of reaping may soon come, is the wish of every good citizen, and especially yours,

MRS. M. J. PEMBERTON

SELF-RELIANCE.

You ask "What will best promote the welfare of the town?" I answer that it will be best promoted when our citizens, especially our business men, are imbued with that spirit which prompted the exclamation:

"On thine own arm
Oh Greece! depend."

MRS. M. F. ALEXANDER.

PURIFY MARKET SQUARE.

In the limited view of this writer, nothing would conduce more to the general weal of this community than the removal of the beef and huckster stalls from the Market-house, the discontinuance of the sale of meats and produce, and the transformation of the Market-place into a public square.

The passing away of unpleasant and unwholesome odors would add to our health and comfort, the eradication of bands of loafers would enhance our respectability (and certainly every lady in town and county will re-echo this sentiment), and the placing there a fountain of cool water for the refreshment of the way-farer, and especially the country way farer, embellished by plats of shrubs and flowers, would add to the beauty and attractiveness of this central point.

The east side of Gillespie street would be a convenient and suitable place for the sale of meats and other market produce.

MISS DELLA MATTHEWS.

GOOD SCHOOLS, FACTORIES, HOME INDUSTRIES, LOCAL PRIDE, ETC.

What will most promote the interests of Fayetteville?

1st. Good public and private schools. We have a good foundation, and all that is necessary is that our schools be properly encouraged and sustained. A community of well-educated people should be prosperous. Proper education is the development of the good qualities of mind, body and soul; the training of head, heart and hand; the eradication of evil propensities; and, withal, the preservation of individuality.

2nd. Factories. We should have some means of giving profitable employment to every class of citizens. Factories keep money in circulation, draw profits from abroad, and retain for use in the community what would otherwise go abroad. They employ many women and children, and, so, make producers of those who for lack of opportunity are consumers.

3rd. Patronize home industries of all kinds. Let us help those in whom we are most interested and who are most likely to help us: the home merchant, mechanic, manufacturer, laborer and professional man. Keep the profits at home. Do business on business principles and give your neighbor a fair chance. Let us be able to compete with the best.

4th. Local pride and attachment. Recognize Fayetteville as the best place and, at any rate try to make it all that we would have it be. Be proud of its history and emulate the virtues of those who have preceded us. Do not "croak."

5th. As near as possible the cash system—pay as we go.

These are some of the things which I think will materially aid Fayetteville. Clear heads, honest hearts and willing hands, stimulated by local pride, with the aid of some money and our numerous advantages, should in time, make Fayetteville an ideal city.

Respectfully,

H. MCD. ROBINSON.

August 26.

[Capt. Jas. D. McNeill, one of our most progressive citizens, forcibly gives it as his opinion that we most need UNITY OF ACTION.—EDS.

OLD MARKET-HOUSE, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

A SAVINGS BANK.

"Mony a mickle makes a muckle."

It is the result of experience as well as of observation that if we do not save the small sums we seldom accumulate the large ones. The tendency from infancy is to self-indulgence, a desire to spend money. Now any help or restraint, any training, education or discipline which strengthens character and enables us to overcome this inborn weakness, it is our duty to provide.

This help for young as well as old, I think can be found in the Savings Bank, an enterprise that commends itself especially to women and children, who seldom have large sums to deposit.

Under the new *regime*, our servants having no place of security for their small earnings, often suffer when sickness and misfortune overtake them for want of present help and prompt remedies. We all know that the greatest temptation to dishonesty is in extravagance; now if our youths can be encouraged to save, to deny themselves any often useless self-indulgence—for instance the price of a glass of beer, a cigar or any of the small luxuries of life, strength is augmented and character formed which leaves its impress for good on a whole community.

If we will consult the statistics of savings banks in other countries and the benefit resulting therefrom, we cannot afford to neglect this great good. Take France, for instance: To quote Bok, the savings bank last year had more than eight million depositors and the amount of their deposits exceeded eight hundred million dollars. And this large sum was made up almost entirely of small deposits. The result is that, as a people, the French suffer less from panics than any other people on the globe. As a means of encouragement to school children, their idea of prize giving is most excellent, one which I would like to see adopted by our American schools. In place of medals, books, etc., their reward of merit is a savings bank book with a small sum to the credit of the prize winner. "The result is, as recent statistics published in France show, that comfortable fortunes have been built upon these small bank accounts. In over seventy per cent. of the instances where the bank account was started for the pupil, the habit of thrift was inculcated and the accounts were continued, while only in thirty per cent, was the desire to add to the account lost."

May we not hope that this appeal will in good time take root and bear fruit? Though progress seems at times to be almost stopped, yet we have the promise that we shall reap if we faint not, and

Home Is The Refuge Of The Heart.

HOUSEKEEPING AS A FINE ART.

"The Way to Man's Heart, the hungry Sinner, Since Eve ate the Apple, is by a Good Dinner."

We associate the idea of Fine Art with the painting of beautiful pictures—the carving of grand statues only—and think with disdain of the simple, daily routine of prosaic house-keeping as having aught to do with fine art. But what is Art? Is it not making beautiful and grand things of the common and plain materials of every day life? Transforming the ugly pigments and common stone, into such grace and beauty, as will make the world pause to admire? Well, this is just what we can do with the duty of house-keeping. Very few of us can do great things as the world goes. Our petty environment binds to a small sphere and perhaps insignificant life, and we turn from its wearying sameness, feeling so fettered that we sink into the dull round, and have no heart for higher things. But let us look upon our daily life with clearer eyes. To think of what we shall eat and what we shall drink three times a day, with perhaps a limited purse to provide it, does seem at first sight rather benumbing to the grand idea of Fine Art. But let us throw an artist's enthusiasm into it, and lift it bravely up to a higher plane.

SWEET TOMATO PICKLE.

To six pounds of tomatoes put three pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, mace, alspice, cinnamon, each a teaspoonful—powder and tie in a piece of muslin.

Mrs. R. G. Haigh.

PICKLED EGGS.

To 12 eggs boiled hard, cover same with vinegar; add one table spoon each of whole spice, cloves, mace, cinnamon, white and black mustard seed, half cup sugar, one tablespoon whole pepper, one teaspoon salt.

Mrs. G. A. Thomson.

SWEET PICKLE PEACHES.

To six pounds peeled peaches add three pounds sugar, one handful alspice, about twenty cloves, three or four sticks cinnamon bark; boil together till peaches crack open, then remove them and boil syrup till it is thick and rich; return peaches to syrup and boil once together. To this quantity of fruit I use one quart good vinegar.

O. P. Hall.

WATERMELON RIND SWEET PICKLE.

Prepare the rind in the usual way, put it in salt water for three days; take out and put in alum water three days, then soak in clear water one day; put it in the kettle and boil in clear water until you can pierce it with a straw; to every pound of rind put three-quarters pound of sugar, one pint of vinegar to every seven pounds of fruit; put mace, cinnamon and cloves to the taste; boil all together for about half an hour; seal the cans whilst hot.

Mrs. J. A. Pemberton, Jr.

SPICE CAKE.

Four egg, 2½ cups of flour, 1½ cups of sugar, ½ cup of butter, ½ cup of sweet cream, 1 teaspoon of baking powder, 2 teaspoons of cinnamon; 1½ teaspoons of cloves, 1 teaspoon of alspice; bake in jelly cake pans and stack with icing between.

Mrs. Thos. Murphy.

RAILROAD PUDDING.

Beat one egg, add one cup sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one and a half cups of flour; one teaspoonful of baking powder, half cup of milk and one teaspoonful extract of lemon; bake and eat with sauce.

Mrs. K. Lowald.

POUND CAKE.

1 pound sugar, 1 pound butter, 1 pound flour, 12 eggs, 1 light teaspoonful of baking powder; beat the yolks and sugar together until light; wash and cream butter; add this to the yolks and sugar; beat the whites to a stiff froth; stir in half of each at a time; the flour and whites until thoroughly mixed, then stir in a teaspoonful of water and flavor; bake one hour.

Mrs. John M. Clark.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

"WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH."

His Marriage—His Services to His Country—His Purity of Life—A Beautiful Tribute from Jefferson Davis.

BY MISS FANNIE MCPHERSON.

(Granddaughter of the subject of this Sketch.)

Theophilus Hunter Holmes, a son of Governor Gabriel Holmes and Mary Hunter, his wife, was born in Sampson county November, 1804, his early childhood and youth being spent on the family plantation.

Throughout his life his characteristic was his devotion to duty. An instance of this may be cited in his ready compliance with the wishes of his father, who intended to make him a farmer, and, with that end in view entrusted a plantation to his care for one year.

Indolence was his weakest trait, and physical labor a burden; nevertheless, he undertook the work, sacrificing his own tastes and inclinations, thinking only of duty. The returns at the end of the year proved his unfitness for that occupation, and influenced his father to send him to West Point, there to train and cultivate the mind and faculties so richly endowed by nature, making him a fitting leader and ruler of men. A true soldier, he commanded by virtue as well as by authority. Obedient in the most trivial matters, he exacted the same implicit subordination in those under his command; consequently, his company was the best drilled and disciplined in the regiment.

He entered the Mexican War with the rank of captain, and was promoted for bravery at Palo Alto. The news of his promotion and subsequent removal was received by his men with mingled feelings of pride and regret, and the parting was sad. Strong men, who had followed him through danger, victory or defeat; men who had braved the awful hail of battle, and passed through scenes of frightful carnage and death without flinching, came now to shake their captain's hand, speechless with emotion, while tears streamed down their hardened, furrowed cheeks.

An interest, almost fatherly, in the happiness and comfort of each individual drew to him the love of all, while a Christian example shed abroad an influence great in results that may not be known until the earth and sea give up their dead.

Major Holmes was married near Fayetteville in June, 1841, to Miss Laura Wetmore, eldest daughter of I. Wetmore and Elizabeth Arth, his wife, and a niece of Judge George E. Badger. A mind of rare culture and high native refinement, combined with gracious dignity and politeness, fitted her for the position given her by her husband. Their union was perfect. Whether stationed on the frontier, or dwelling amid the luxuries of the metropolis, their home was the resort of the intellectual and cultured society in which United States officers were always accustomed to move.

Four things Major Holmes loved and reverenced: his country, his flag, the State of his nativity, and woman. Manly and chivalrous, he gloried in the strength that made him her protector. He was specially gentle and patient with children, ever striving to lead the young mind to higher conceptions of the Divine life and its own immortality.

In 1859 he was placed in command of Johnson's Island, and while there Mrs. Holmes died, leaving four sons and two daughters. This great sorrow was borne by him with Christian resignation and fortitude. The most eloquent tribute to her memory is the simple inscription on her monument at Johnson's Island: "She Made Her Husband a Christian."

He remained at Governor's Island until the secession of North Carolina, when he promptly resigned his commission to come South, and offer himself to his own State. His friends and fellow-officers urged him to reconsider his course, and offered to obtain for him leave of absence, to be spent in Europe while the war continued. Did he hesitate? No. Honorable and without dissimulation, he shrank instinctively from all that was mean and sordid. Finding him firm in his convictions, his friends no longer acted as such, and during the few days spent in preparing to depart all doors were closed against him, except the home of the Sutler, Mr. Kendall. There, all the North Carolinians in New York came to see him, and express their appreciation of his conduct.

Of his record in the Confederate army, nothing need be said: it is known to all, and known everywhere as that of a true soldier. Dr. Cross says of him: "The other day I visited Gen. Holmes at his quarters. Seeing a pistol in my belt, he said: 'What! are you a soldier as well as a chaplain?' "A soldier of Christ, General." "Ah," said he, "that is the noblest soldiership. Follow him closely, serve him faithfully; there is no way in which you can do so much for your country. We have plenty of men to fight, but not half enough to pray."'

On the field of Manassas the chaplain of one of his regiments approached him in a dress he deemed too military for a clergyman. "Go back, sir," said he; "this is no place for you; take off that sash, retire to the grove, and besiege the Throne of Grace!"

President Davis was his college-mate and devoted friend. He says of him: "He has passed beyond the reach of censure or praise, after serving his country on many fields wisely and well. I, who knew him in his schoolboy days; who served with him in garrison and in the field; watched him as he led a storming party up the rocky height at Montery, and was intimately acquainted with his whole career during our sectional war, bear willing testimony to the purity, self-abnegation, generosity and fidelity which characterized him as a man and a soldier."

June 21st, 1880, with the faith of a Christian, and a childlike trust in his Saviour, he stepped from earth to eternity, leaving an example and influence more enduring and impressive than marble monument or bronze statue.

In accordance with his own wishes, he was interred in a soldier's coffin.

One case of Serim. Regular price 10 and 15 cents. Our price 5 cents.

FRANK THORNTON.

Bad Investment.

"No," he drawled, stroking his dainty moustache, and crossing his feet, shod *a la* Louis Treize, "I didn't subscribe to the Women's Edition. I am opposed to it *in toto*. These women had better be attending to the domestic duties of the "old woman" of olden days than eliminating the "survival of the fittest" in the development of the "new woman."

"Don't you think the monument idea a good one?"

"No, I don't. What does a dead Confederate soldier care about brick and mortar. They had better be ministering to the needs of the widows and children of the soldiers than bestowing their time on this movement, by which they seek to air their pet heresies as to their sex. Here, let me have half dozen Rosa Concha cigars. So long, boys."

half doz. cigars,	50 cts
Bacon and meal for widow and two children,	50 cts[

FRANK W. THORNTON.

FALL AND WINTER

The outlook for magnificent crops, and the assurance that our farmers will get at least 8 cents for their cotton crop, leads me to believe that the demand for all lines of goods will be very heavy during the coming Fall season. With this end in view my purchases will be unusually heavy. Every department will be so closely looked after that I intend that it shall be said that

MY STOCK

Is the Most Complete of Any in the State.

My Dress Goods Counter

WILL BE AN ESPECIAL ATTRACTION, AND THE LADIES ARE ESPECIALLY INVITED TO CALL EARLY AND SUPPLY THEMSELVES.

It is too early to go into details, but I am determined to keep up my reputation as the

Leader in the Dry Goods Trade,

BOTH AS TO STYLES AND LOW PRICES.

I HAVE A FULL LINE OF

LADIES - AND - MISSES SHOES

That I am still selling at the Old Prices,

AND I ADVISE ALL TO LAY IN THEIR SUPPLIES WHILE THEY CAN GET THEIR SIZES.

Thanking my patrons for their kindness in the past, I most respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

FRANK W. THORNTON.

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FAMILY SUPPLY HOUSE.

Choice Staple and Fancy Groceries in full assortment kept constantly on hand.

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Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Shoes, &c., CHEAP FOR CASH.

E. L. CLARK,
Cor. Hay and Winslow Sts.

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General Agent for North Carolina.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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BARBER SHOP,

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Work done at Shop or House at popular prices

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When You Are Sick,

NO MATTER WHAT THE TROUBLE, YOU WANT

PURE, FRESH MEDICINES,

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CAREFULLY PREPARED.

We dispense with great care only the

PUREST DRUGS,

While our PRICES are EXCEEDINGLY LOW.

We ALWAYS carry a complete line of

Toilet Articles, Soaps, Brushes, &c., &c.

We respectfully solicit your patronage.

Very truly,

B. E. SEDBERRY & SONS.

If you suffer with Rheumatism, take Sedberry's Rheumatic Remedy and be cured.

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FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

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WHITE CEDAR

PAILS,
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CHURNS,
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MEASURES.

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.....ALL GRADES OF.....

CEILING, PARTITION AND FENCING.

All Grades and Styles of Siding, Casing, &c., finished on short notice.

Prompt shipments, good work and good goods our motto.

Saw Mill, LATTA, S. C. Planing Mill, Fayetteville, N. C.

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A Natural Mineral Tonic

WATER FROM THE CELEBRATED

BARIUM SPRINGS,

HAVING AN ESTABLISHED AND WELL DESERVED REPUTATION FOR THE CURE OF

All forms of Indigestion; Chronic Diarrhœa, Gastric and Intestinal Ulceration, Diseases and Disorders of the Liver and Kidneys, Rheumatism, Hysteria and Female Troubles, Cancer, Vernal Diseases, Catarrh, Piles, Scrofula, Eczema, Dandruff and all Eruptive and Cutaneous Diseases.

N. B. As other water under a similar name is now being delivered from the same locality, the public is hereby cautioned to insist on having the *Genuine (and original) Barium Water.*

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Barium Springs, Iredell Co., N. C.

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Fall Term Begins September 3, 1895.

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This school offers special advantages in Music, Art, Languages and Social Culture. Board and tuition on moderate terms.

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Fayetteville, N. C.

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Give Me 49, Sunnyside.

Hello, Sunnyside!

"What have you in CUT FLOWERS?"

"We have the New Variegated, Single Talisa, the Old Orange Flowered and the Dwarf Pearl Double, some very choice Gladioli, with Heliotrope, Geraniums, etc."

"Very good. Send me a nice box to Knox Drug Store."

"All right! Thank you."

we

JAMES M. LAMB.

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GROCERS and GENERAL DEALERS

Solicit Orders and General Correspondence.

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MAKES A NICE BREAKFAST. GIVE

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an order as you pass Stall No. 2, Market. Best of Fresh Meats, well butchered and handled, always on hand.

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE BROKERS,

....AND....

MANAGERS OF CAROLINA ROLLER MILLS

Dealers in Meats, Lard and Packing House Products. Manufacturers of Meal, Bran and Feed Stuffs. Agents for Red "C" Oil Manufacturing Company.

we

DOWN ON THE FARM.

THE DEAR OLD PLANTATION HOME.

Memories of Auld Lang Syne—Limus Knew the Lord Jesus—Who Was the Oldest Man?

BY MRS. A. B. WILLIAMS.

When a child I used to dwell
In the home I loved so well;
In my dear old happy home
Down on the farm.

The soft notes of the maiden's voice fell on the evening air, and as its sweet cadence entered my window, I was transported in fancy to my old Plantation Home.

What tender memories the song recalled, when in childhood we frolicked and played with never a care for the morrow! We reveled in innocent glee the far too happy present. Those halcyon days were always too short.

A very small boy was our preacher, and although we could not understand his dialect, his gestures were so natural and inspiring we thought him a marvel. He preached and danced for our entertainment—the only person who could assume either calling with dignity and give entire satisfaction to his congregation.

Old black mammy—what an important place she filled in our home and affections! How we loved her and how she loved us! How distressed she was if any thing threatened us with danger, and how she has stood by us through all our after life, entering into our joys and mingling her tears with ours in all our sorrows.

The plantation home was dotted with cabins, and the occupants, the negroes, when the day's work was over, would fill them with their musical instruments and sing their songs, and dance and pat by the log-wood blaze.

Evening, by the moonlight,
You could hear those banjoes ringing;
Sweet and bright
By the bright light,
You could hear those darkies singing."

What a great occasion was a wedding among them! What mattered it that the bride obtained the master's best clothes for the occasion or that the marriage feast! for coffee great to the marriage feast! He was none the wiser, for the negroes, the best of them, connived at it, their excuse being that every thing "b'longs to the state" (estate).

Oh, when the "big meetin" days came every energy was given to excitement called religion. How they would preach and pray, shout and clap their hands, sing, too, which was their best accomplishment! It was no unusual thing for a negro to get so much religion that he would shout his clothes in tatters. The oldest man on the place was Uncle Limus, the negroes called him "grandaddy." He was sick, and his master came. He asked: "Limus, do you know me?" He did not answer, but looked up with that vacant stare that precedes death, with no sign of recognition. Limus, he asked again, "do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" A look of intelligence came over his face, and for the first time caught his master's hand and kissed it with rapture. Limus died, and when the news spread over the country, for miles around assembled to the last procession, which made the services most imposing; and as the body to its last resting-place was guided by the flickering pine-knots, their weird songs mingling with the moaning of the pines, the impression they left on our childish minds was the deepest awe and solemnity. The funeral sermon was not preached for months afterwards, (which custom is still kept up to this day) and the negroes in large numbers and holiday attire again assembled to *enjoy* the occasion.

A little incident in Sunday school I remember. The teacher asked: "Who was the first man?" and one little black urchin screamed "Grand-daddy!" Oh! those happy days at the old home on the farm, where we frolicked and played, rode horseback and rowed in the boats, fished in the brook, climbed trees and beat the vines for swings just as nature intended us to do—where the house seemed made of rubber, and there was plenty of room.

Alas the serpent in the shape of Sherman's army invaded this peaceful home, and those happy days were over.

The slaves rejoiced in their freedom, but knocked no longer, for they took upon themselves the burden of life; and, with their ignorance and shiftlessness, have made the good citizens they are.

The old home still stands and the brook runs on its two sides of it sings its lullaby to other children. The ones who used to assemble nightly under the dear old roof are scattered far and wide with homes of their own. The brook flows on, and its only murmurs: "passing away;" the silent hails echo—"where are they?" The planter, the dear old master, the friend of the slave, has gone to his reward, but in all places in memory's sacred casket the dearest is the old home

Where we passed life's golden hours,
Where we played among the flowers,
In my dear old happy home
Down on the farm.

A Sufferer Cured

"For a season, from the time I was seven years old, I suffered dreadfully from erysipelas, which kept coming worse until my hands were almost useless. The bones softened so that they would bend, and several of my fingers are now crooked from this cause. On my hand I carry large scars, which, but for

AYER'S

Sarsaparilla, would be sores, provided I was alive and able to carry anything. Eight bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me, so that I have had no return of the disease for more than twenty years. The first bottle seemed to reach the root, and a persistent use of it has perfected the cure."—O. C. DAVIS, Waukesha, Wis.

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THE ONLY WORLD'S FAIR
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WELDON, N. C.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

"THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE."

What Sent Belva to the Front—Woman's Intellectual Advancement No Bar to Her Femininity—How She Always Gets Her Way—One Vote She Would Like to Cast.

BY MRS. J. H. CURRIE.

At the present day a great deal is being written about woman suffrage. The subject was agitated, first, probably, in 1851, in England, and has made itself felt over in this country to such an extent that a few years back a woman, Belva Lockwood, aspired to the Presidency of the United States.

The advocates of woman suffrage assert that "every individual is born with an equal right to the protection and consideration of the law," and they claim, therefore, that every one should have a vote to maintain that principle, regardless of sex.

WOMEN PROPERTY OWNERS.

Possibly the fact that women had become property owners first gave rise to the desire to have a voice in the making of laws that would affect the taxation of their property. Possibly the innate desire for a perfect feeling of independence of the "lords of creation" prompted others to the desperate effort to maintain their "rights;" and then it is barely possible that some of those "dear sisters" are willing(?) not only to rule their own roost but are anxious to have a "say" in the management of every other roost in the land. Now, this is all very well, but I imagine I can hear male voices in every direction saying: "No, no; it will never do in the world for the women to have any more power. Why, I am as meek as Moses now, and I don't know what would become of me and the children if my wife got the chance to vote."

A TOUCHING PICTURE.

I saw a picture not long since that was both amusing and really quite pathetic. It represented the husband attending to the household affairs, while his wife was off attending to some "political business." The poor fellow looked desperate; every thing was in confusion; the baby and the cats were eating contentedly out of the same dish under the table; the other children, only partially dressed, were contending over some trifle, and he was trying his best to get the dishes washed up. 'Twas hard for his clumsy, soapy hands to hold the dish—when suddenly there was a CRASH! and there lay the best dish on the floor in a dozen pieces. A sad, sweet, smile illumined his face for a moment as he exclaimed: "Thank gracious! that's one dish less to wash."

NO WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

I am utterly opposed to woman suffrage. I think she is mistaking her calling when she seeks the opportunity to vote in the national, state and municipal elections, and goes completely out of her sphere. "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." So she must content herself in raising up true statesmen who will honestly give her justice, without her having to submit to the annoyances attending the ballot box. In her efforts to do good and to elevate the character of the race, *her* character shines with the most glorious lustre. The last at the cross, the first at the grave, she is, instinctively, always on the side of right and mercy and humanity.

RAISING THE STANDARD.

However, the claim of women to the right to vote is not without support from a practical standpoint. Take our education, for instance: Until very recent years, woman was not allowed to take the advanced course in the colleges open to men, for her mind was not considered equal in every respect to his. But it is proven without a doubt that there are women whose minds compare favorably with the minds of the very brightest men of their day. Then let her attain to the very highest possible standard of education and she will show to the world that she has lost none of her "feminine charms," but has made herself a more spirited, more intelligent and fitter companion for man.

The organizations of men and women are so very different that to bring them both to the highest point of education in the same branch would prove to be not only a source of great pleasure to both, but one of actual benefit. It is gratifying to know, though, that the standard in all the female colleges is being raised very high, and recognition of woman's ability is evinced by her appointment to the position of not only teacher but superintendent of various public institutions of learning. So that, after all, she is gaining "her rights," but not by going to the polls.

THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

Look at Elizabeth, the glorious "Virgin Queen of England, "the bulwark of the Protestant religion" in her time. Can any one read her appeal to her army and loving people to withstand the shock of the Spanish Invincible Armada, without having his heart stirred within him? Riding among her troops, she told them that it was true she had only the *puny arm* of a *woman*, but she thanked God that she had the *heart* of a *king*, and that her purpose was to be in the very forefront of the battle for country, her laws and the Protestant religion. I fail to see any of the "woman's rights" spirit in her conduct, but one of intense womanly sympathy for the cause of the right.

MARRIAGE WOMAN'S SPHERE.

It is right and proper that every woman should marry. I believe it was intended by the Divine Maker that every man should have a help-meet and that every woman should have a companion and protector; but suppose the woman doesn't choose to marry, or that circumstances prevent her doing so—what then? Is she to rest contented—do nothing—be supported by some of her male relatives? No; a hundred times, no! The independent spirit in every true woman's breast revolts at the thought. There are avenues opened up to her now that were never dreamed of a hundred years ago. She can now avail herself of the "Industrial Rights" of women. She can fit herself for a trained nurse; she can perfect herself in telegraphy, short-hand—and, in fact, almost any calling that she feels herself best fitted to enter; and in some instances her work far surpasses that of her male companions in excellence and correctness.

GAINING HER POINT.

It is said that a woman can always gain her point over man if she goes about it in the right way. She must never allow him to feel that he is losing any of his *superiority*. Oh, no! Consult him with all due respect—and with a little tact and a great deal of consideration for his feelings. Pretty soon she has him wrapped around her little finger, and the dear soul is oblivious of the fact. But civilization has advanced, and men have learned to be more generous to their weaker companions, and are freely *giving* privileges to the women that the *women* could never have gained through suffrage.

THE CHAMPION OF TEMPERANCE.

If there is any special reason at this time why woman should be invested with the right of suffrage, it is that she may raise her voice against the crying evil of the day, *intemperance*. Women suffer most by this. Need I call attention to the deplorable fact of the countless numbers of husbands, fathers and sons who are yearly its victims? Need I call to mind the distress, sorrow, penury and crime caused by it? If woman had a right to vote, there would never be a law to grant license to any one to vend liquor on his *proving a good character!* Yes, the voice of woman would be raised to suppress the sale of it *entirely*, if a prohibition bill could not be made for her relief, perfectly to her satisfaction. They have suffered too much from this evil ever to have any patience with it. Too many of them have seen their loved ones reduced to helpless penury and disgrace by the use of it. The votes of the women, added to those of the virtuous, strong-minded of the men, would effectually rid the country of the greatest curse that it can fall heir to—intemperance.

So I repeat that though I am opposed to woman suffrage—heartily—still I would gladly cast a vote to help to rid this country of the thousands of saloons that *infest* our cities and towns—and in this I am confident that I voice the sentiment of every woman in our dear southern land.

Ayer's Hair Vigor tones up the weak hair-roots, stimulates the vessels and tissues which supply the hair with nutrition, strengthens the hair itself, and adds the oil which keeps the shafts soft, lustrous, and silky The most popular and valuable toilet preparation in the world.

WOMAN AND THE WHEEL

"TIRED NATURE'S SWEET RESTORER."

A Wholesome Physical Life a Good Thing—How Shall the Fair Cycler Attire Herself—Surcease from Sordid Household Cares.

BY MRS. E. MACE. LILLY.

Next to the example of goodness which woman is at all times expected to display to her ruder counterpart, should come a healthy and complete physical life for his emulation. To this end is it necessary that she cultivate and develop herself by the use of proper and definite exercise.

EXERCISE NEEDED.

How few there are, of the southern women at least, who realize the actual importance of this. It is said to be, in great part, due to climatic influence that our women are unable to compete with their English sisters in this field

What a good thing it is to have—born apparently of our need—the most delightful means of taking the necessary exercise, with but little of the exertion which is so distasteful, and indeed impossible, in our climate, for a great part of the year.

MODE OF LOCOMOTION.

Not only is the bicycle a means of most healthful exercise, but for the purpose of riding short distances it is as yet unexcelled. For the business woman, whose time is precious, it will be found much swifter than walking, and less expensive than a horse, the cost of keeping, with a careful rider, being really nothing.

In order to reap the full benefit of this exercise, it is necesssry that the rider be properly habited It is said that in riding a wheel every muscle in the body is brought unconsciously into play, and of course the slightest pressure or weight upon any of these muscles must prevent their natural action, and, so, their further strengthening and development.

THE PROPER ATTIRE.

In ordinary riding a moderately long skirt is quite convenient, so that those who are doubtful on the subject of costume need not be deterred. The three-quarter length skirt, with bloomers and leggings, is much worn: also the same costume with short skirt, and even with no skirt at all. One of the latest fashion plates gives a moderately long skirt with a bunch of accordion pleating falling loosely from each knee to the bottom of the skirt. As to the rest of the costume, the individual taste may be exercised.

With a gracefully hanging skirt and a high saddle, which renders the motion much less marked, and given an erect carriage, there are few who will not own the bicycle riding woman to be a most attractive thing to look upon. Notice the glow of genuine enjoyment which can but show itself in every feature, and it is more than likely that the sternest disapprover will begin to think that perhaps, after all, the women should not be denied this thing which gives them so much pleasure.

RELEIF TO THE TIRED WOMAN.

Picture the woman who is afraid of horses, and so is debarred from the delights of horseback riding; indeed she will hardly even drive without masculine hands upon the reins. After a day of little cares and household worries that wear, this woman mounts her wheel quite fearlessly; and, in less time than it takes to tell it, is spinning away far out of sight towards the woods. She likes best to ride silently along some country road where the trees meet overhead.

So swiftly and quietly she goes that the little inhabitants of the wood scarce turn their heads to look before she is out of sight: and if she happens to meet any cows—she is afraid of cows—the great sleepy creatures step respectfully into the bushes. The sweet country air blows the cobwebs away from heart and brain, and she goes home "as lively as a cricket," full of enthusiasm and seeking for domestic mountains to move.

Are you taking SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, the "KING OF LIVER MEDICINES?" That is what our readers want, and nothing but that. It is the same old friend to which the old folks pinned their faith and were never disappointed. But another good recommendation for it is, that it is BETTER THAN PILLS, never gripes, never weakens, but works in such an easy and natural way, just like nature itself, that relief comes quick and sure, and one feels new all over. It never fails. Everybody needs take a liver remedy, and everyone should take only Simmons Liver Regulator.

Be sure you get it. The Red Z is on the wrapper. J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia.

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Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."
See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

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These can be bought, with an absolute guarantee as to quality and finish, and besides these many other useful articles, from

HUSKE HARDWARE HOUSE.
we Fayetteville, N. C.

Administrator's Notice.

Having qualified as administrator upon the estate of the late George A. McDonald, notice is hereby given to all creditors of said estate to present their claims on or before the 12th of September, 1896, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery. All persons indebted to the estate will please make prompt payment to the undersigned.

JOSIAH COOK, Wade, N. C.,
Adm'r of George A. McDonald.
C. W. BROADFOOT, Att'y.
Fayetteville, N. C., Sept. 12, 1895—6t

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FANCY GOODS.
we

AT KING BROTHERS,
The Ladies
ALWAYS FIND A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL LINE OF
Tooth Brushes,
Hair Brushes,
Combs,
Perfumery and Toilet Articles.
FOR GENTLEMEN
WE HAVE THE FINEST LINE OF
Pipes, Smoking Tobacco, and Cigars
TO SELECT FROM.
In prices we lead, others follow.
KING BROTHERS, Pharmacists.
we

W. C. McDUFFIE, JR.,
THE DRUGGIST,
Uses nothing but the very best and purest
DRUGS
IN FILLING PRESCRIPTIONS,
which are prepared with every care and by competent pharmacists.
It will be to your interest to send your prescriptions to him, as he proposes to make prices very low.
He also carries everything usually kept in a
FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE.
we

Beaver - Creek - and - Bluff - Mills,
H. W. LILLY, PRESIDENT.
OFFICE:—FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
MANUFACTURERS OF
"Lake George AA" 4-4 Heavy Brown Sheeting
COTTON YARNS and BATTING.
we

TOKAY - VINEYARD,

Near Fayetteville, N. C.

THE LARGEST VINEYARD IN THE SOUTH.

VARIOUS GOLD MEDALS AND OTHER FIRST PREMIUMS AWARDED OVER ALL COMPETITORS AT ALMOST EVERY

FAIR AND EXPOSITION

where entered for years back, attest the excellence of its

WINES AND BRANDIES.

"Scuppernong," Red and White, Dry and Sweet, a Specialty.

—ALSO ITS—

CLARETS,

from most approved Bunch Grapes.

☞ For price and other particulars, enquire of

COL. W. J. GREEN.
we

Every Week

I RECEIVE FRESH, HEALTHFUL AND NUTRITIOUS

FARINACEOUS GOODS,

CANNED GOODS,
CATSUPS,
SAUCES,
OLIVES,
PRESERVED FRUITS,

and such other goods as are needed by housewives in preparing an appetizing meal.

we R. M. PRIOR.

N. A. SINCLAIR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
we

The Southern Telephone Co.
NO. 9, THORNTON BLOCK, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
Manufacturers of Telephones to work any distance. Sold outright or rented.
ew

Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railway,

JOHN GILL, Receiver,

....OFFERS....

The MOST CONVENIENT SCHEDULE

....AND....

LOWEST RATES

....TO THE....

Cotton States and International Exposition

ATLANTA, GA.,

September 18 to December 31, 1895.

FAST FREIGHT ROUTE FOR ALL TRAFFIC

BETWEEN EASTERN, SOUTHERN AND

WESTERN CITIES.

PROMPT ATD COURTEOUS ATTENTION TO

ALL INQUIRIES FOR RATES AND

OTHER INFORMATION.

A LIBERAL PATRONAGE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

J. W. FRY, General Manager.
W. E. KYLE, Gen'l Pr't and Pass. Agt.
we

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

FOR GIRLS,

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.

THE ADVENT TERM OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH SCHOOL YEAR WILL BEGIN SEPTEMBER 19, 1895.

Special attention paid to Physical Culture and Hygiene.

Address the Rector,

7-4-95 3m REV. B. SMEDES, A. M.

NORTH CAROLINA

College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts,

THE NEXT SESSION OF THIS COLLEGE WILL BEGIN

SEPTEMBER 5th.

EXAMINATIONS AT COUNTY SEATS FIRST SATURDAY IN AUGUST.

Young men desiring a technical education at an unusually low cost will do well to apply for catalogue to

A. Q. HOLLADAY, Pres.,
7-18-95 Raleigh, N. C.

University of North Carolina

COMPRISES THE UNIVERSITY,

THE COLLEGE,

THE LAW AND MEDICAL SCHOOLS,

AND THE SUMMER SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS

Tuition $60.

35 Teachers, 471 Students.

Address PRESIDENT WINSTON, Chapel Hill, N. C., for Catalogue and handbook on "University Education."

H. H. H.

WE HAVE COMPLETED TAKING

INVENTORY OF STOCK

and have made out quite a list of goods tha we are offering at

EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

We must close out these goods to make room

For Fall Purchases.

We will be glad to furnish a list of these goods to parties in want of anything in our line. In many instancee these goods are

Offered at Less than Cost.

— THEY MUST GO. —

We will be glad to send these lists by mail to any one wanting them.

Huske Hardware House.

J. J. WARD,

128 MARKET STREET,

WILMINGTON, N. C.,

takes this method of informing his friends and the public generally that he has opened a

GENERAL COMMISSION

—AND—

PRODUCE BUSINESS.

HE GUARANTEES HIGHEST MARKET PRICES AND PROMPT RETURNS.

8-29-95 3m

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Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mexican Mustang Liniment

for

Burns
Caked & Inflamed Udders.
Piles,
Rheumatic Pains,
Bruises and Strains.
Running Sores,
Inflammations,
Stiff joints,
Harness & Saddle Sores,
Sciatica,
Lumbago,
Scalds,
Blisters,
Insect Bites,
All Cattle Ailments,
All Horse Ailments,
All Sheep Ailments,

Penetrates Muscle, Membrane and Tissue Quickly to the Very Seat of Pain and Ousts it in a Jiffy.

Rub in Vigorously.

Mustang Liniment conquers Pain, Makes Man or Beast well again

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"JUST A FEW WORDS"

That some of the young men have to say who have ridden the

—RAMBLER BICYCLE.—

Messrs. A. J. Pemberton and Co.,

GENTLEMEN:

Replying to your favor of recent date in regard to the "Rambler Bicyle" will say: The Rambler is as near perfect in every respect as it is possible to make a wheel.

I have owned five (5) different makes of wheels (among the number was a Columbia) and I have ridden many more, but the Rambler is the easiest running and the most comfortable wheel to ride on that I have ever mounted. I am sure I shall never want to trade again.

Wishing you all the success you surely deserve in selling the best wheel on earth, I remain

Yours very truly,
E. M. SHEETZ.

Feb'y 12, 1895

A. J. Pemberton & Co.,

GENTLEMEN:

Regarding your query as to "How I like the Rambler Bicyele," I need only state my experience. Last June I bought a "Columbia," and after riding it two months, I sold it and purchased a "Rambler."

I can unhesitatingly say that the Rambler is the best I have ever mounted, and really did not know what riding was until I had my Rambler.

Yours,
I. B. ROSENTHAL.

All Models of the Rambler $100.

WRITE OR CALL FOR CATALOGUE

A. J. PEMBERTON & CO.

FALL OF 1895.

Call and see for self the many new designs of WOOLENS that are now out. You can make a better selection by seeing the goods in the piece.

My stock now embraces the latest styles in Unfinished Worsted Suitings.
Corduroy Suitings.
Thibet Suitings.
Silk Mixed Suitings.
Clay Mixture Suitings.
Cheviot Suitings.
Cassimere Suitings.
Black and Blue Worsteds.
Uniform Cloths.
Chinchillas. Montagnacs.

Remember I know the style, and when you get a suit from me and go to another city, it will be a great comfort to know you have on a stylish suit and it fits you bang up.

I WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

COME AND BE CONVINCED OF THAT FACT.

W. A. CRAWFORD,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

under the N. C. Baptist Publishing Office.

N. B.—CUTTING A SPECIALTY.

Ladies' Jackets of every description.

Binding, Cleaning and Pressing done at short notice.

CALL ON OR LEAVE YOUR ORDER WITH THE UNDERSIGNED FOR "LADY THOMPSON" STRAWBERRY PLANTS.

FANCY GROCERIES.

SOMETHING TO EAT?

A question that often presents itself to the careful housekeeper, and where to get it?

CALL WHERE A CORDIAL WELCOME AWAITS YOU ALWAYS,

and supply your pantry with the delicacies and substantials of life.

HAY STREET GROCER,

A. S. HUSKE,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

PEACE INSTITUTE,

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Unsurpassed in Thoroughness, Location, Equipment, Faculty, Furniture and Fare.

No superior work done anywhere, North or South. Board, tuition, one music and two hours prnece $275 a year.

Opens SEPTEMBER 11, 1895

Send for catalogue.

JAS. DINWIDDIE, M. A., (Univ. Va.)
6-20-95 3m Raleigh, N. C.

HEAD EASY. "The Greatest Remedy on Earth"

ASK YOUR Druggist for It. —FOR— **HEADACHE** AND **NEURALGIA.**

JOHN P. STEDMAN, Manufacturer, Oxford, N. C.

NOTICE.

I will, on Saturday, October 5th, at 4 o'clock P. M., at the old court house door, offer for sale at public auction for cash, all the right, title and interest of the County of Cumberland of, in, or to the piece of land known as the old court house site in St. James's Square, in the City of Fayetteville N. C., with the express reservation of the brick, stone, and all other material in the old court house building.

By order of the Board of County Commissioners

JAMES M. LAMB, Chairman.

Sept. 3, 1895 4t

Administrator's Notice.

The undersigned having this day administered on the Estate of M. D. Clarke (deceased) hereby gives notice to all parties holding claims against the Estate to present them on or before the 2nd day of September, 1896, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the Estate will please make immediate payment.

KATIE W. CLARKE, Administratrix of M. D. Clarke, dec'd.

J. G. SHAW, Att'y.
Sept. 2, 1895.

Administrator's Notice and Commissioner's Sale.

In a proceeding in the Superior Court of Cumberland County, N. C., against Kate Bryant, Adam McAllister and wife Mary Jane, and others as heirs and devisees of W. S. Bryant, coll'd, an order was made on the 27th of August, 1895, granting to the undersigned administration with the will annexed, and by said order, he was appointed and authorized as Commissioner to sell a lot of land, containing about 3 acres, near the western limits of Fayetteville, being the lot on which said W. S. Bryant lived and died, and described in deed of W. J. Tolar and wife to him, as registered in Book "K" No. 3, page 353 and in accordance with said order said land will be offered for sale by public auction for cash at the Court House in Fayetteville, on Tuesday the 1st of October, 1895, at 12 o'clock.

N. W. RAY, Adm'r and Com'r.

Aug. 27, 1895.

FARRIERY.

Not every man is an artist at shoeing horses; there are many pretenders. Does your horse need shoes? You will have him shod at my stables by an expert Farrier if you value him.

G. A. BURNS,
7-25-95 2m Fayetteville.

"AT ACTUAL COST."

FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS

I will offer my entire stock

—OF—

FINE CLOTHING

—AND—

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods AT COST,

as I need the room for incoming Fall Stock.

H. R. NOVITZKY,

The Fayetteville Clothier.

NIMOCKS & COOK,

INSURANCE.

OWN YOUR OWN HOME.

THE PANSY No. 12.

FOR 60 CENTS in Postage Stamps, Postal Note or Silver, we will furnish any reader of this paper with one full and complete set of plans and specifications of either of the three cottages here shown. These plans are drawn to a scale and are guaranteed to be mechanically correct and ready to build from—every detail that can be furnished by a competent architect being provided for.

PANSY COTTAGE No. 12. This cottage contains 5 rooms besides attic and bath room, and can be built for $1400.

Plans are engraved on fine bond paper.

If a more moderate priced cottage is desired you will be interested in the

ROSEBUD COTTAGE No. 20. This is a five room cottage which can be built for $1000—a marvel of completeness in every way.

Plans are finely engraved on heavy paper.

For persons of more moderate means we have prepared plans and specifications of the

EVERGREEN COTTAGE No. 22. This cottage contains 3 rooms and can be built for $750.

A complete set of of either of these plans—except Evergreen, which contains four sheets—consists of five sheets 14x25 inches, each, all beautifully engraved on fine paper.

Sheet No. 1 consists of views of front elevation, perspective and interior sectional views.

Sheet No. 2 consists of front and side elevation views.

Sheet No 3 illustrates floor plans, roof, attic, etc.

Sheet No. 4 shows various details: sections of porch, door frame, window frame, etc.

Sheet No. 5 covers full specifications, itemized estimate of cost of all material used, cost of labor with full particulars and advice regarding division of cost for various lines of materials, instructions and suggestions to builder, etc.

Each set of plans is neatly wrapped in pasteboard tube and will be sent postpage prepaid to any address for 60 cents; 2 for $1.10; 3 for $1.50. An architect would require upwards of $25.0 for furnishing plans with all the details given in ours, and the opportunity herein offered of securing for 60 cts. what is ordinarily rated at $25.00 is one that should be taken advantage of by all readers.

THE ROSEBUD, NO. 20.

THE EVERGREEN, NO. 22.

Do not neglect this opportunity whether contemplating building or not EVERYBODY IS INTERESTED. Address all orders to

UNIVERSAL PLAN COMPANY,
1127 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

We are personally acquainted with the members of the Universal Plan Co. and know this firm to be thoroughly reliable.—Publisher GLOBE DEMOCRAT.

THE ORTON,

WILMINGTON, N. C.

The Leading Hotel in the Metropolis of the Cape Fear Section.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

To meet the requirements of the traveling public, rates at this Hotel are reduced to $2.00 per day and upwards.

"THE ORTON" is furnished with every modern appliance for the comfort and convenience of its guests, including Otis Elevator, Electric Lights, Steam Heating, &c.

J. E. MONTAGUE, Manager.

The I. W. Harper is the finest flavored whisky on earth.

Used in moderation, it is a sure specific for indigestion, for general debility, for insomnia, for mental depression.

SOLD BY

J. W. INGOLD,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Jones Seminary

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Beautiful location. Mineral Springs. Unequalled healthfulness. Commodious, well furnished buildings, with open fireplaces. Thorough instruction by the very best teachers. Refined home life. Practical training in domestic affairs. Entire cost of boarding and tuition, including Latin, $8.00 per month. Music and Art only $3.00 per month extra for each.

For Catalogue, address the Principal.

Rev. C. A. HAMPTON,
8-8-95 4t All Healing, N. C.

J. A. Lambeth,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,

Rear Hotel LaFayette

LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLES.

Stalls for rent at 10c. per night. Special accommodations for drummers. Buggies for sale cheap Cash system.

Papers for Sale.

Old papers for sale at the OBSERVER OFFICE at 20 cents per hundred.

Land and Immigration Agency.

I am now corresponding with reliable and responsible parties who desire to establish and operate in the South

POULTRY FARMS, VINEYARDS, FRUIT AND TRUCK FARMS AND CREAMERIES.

OTHERS WHO WANT TO BUY

TIMBER LANDS, FACTORY SITES, &c.

Will be pleased to hear from any one who may have special inducements to offer to secure any or all of these people, since they are the classes of immigrants we need. Address

NEWTON H. SMITH, Manager,
7-25-95 Fayetteville, N. C.

POE & CO.,

BRICK AND TILE MANUFACTURERS,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Lumber Wanted

Cut Accurately and Rapidly on the

FARQUHAR Variable Friction Feed Saw Mill

with Quick Receding Head Blocks. Capacity 5,000 to 30,000 feet, with Engines and Boilers from 12 to 40 Horse Power.

For full descriptive catalogue address,

A. B. FARQUHAR CO., Ltd.,
YORK, PA.

Swan's Down, Zeb. Vance

—AND—

Sweet-Water Valley Flour.

FRESH BOLTED MEAL.

SWIFT'S ORIOLE BRAND HAMS and PICNIC BREAKFAST STRIPS.

VERMONT CREAMERY AND GILT-EDGE CREAMERY BUTTER.

CANNED GOODS.

PLAIN AND FANCY CANDY.

CRACKERS. CHEESE.

FRUIT. BROOMS.

BASKETS, &c.

C. W. ELLIOTT & CO.

E. L. CLARK'S

HEADQUARTERS FOR

BACON, FLOUR, SALT,

AND EVERY THING USUALLY KEPT AT A FIRST-CLASS

—Family Supply House.—

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes and Clothing.

RESTAURANT ON SECOND FLOOR.

E. L. CLARK,
9-27-94 tf Cor. Hay and Winslow Sts

THE ÆTNA

Is the Strongest American Fire Insurance Co.

Has been doing business continuously since 1819.

Her Reputation is the best to-day.

Over Ten Million Dollars Assets.

Take out a policy on your property.

B. R. HUSKE, Agent.

FOR SALE

A New Beatty Parlor Organ.

In use about a month. Owner moved West to live, consequently will sell cheap for cash. Call or address SACRIFICE, care Observer.

FOR RENT.

The Store, adjoining the Hotel LaFayette, recently occupied by Rose & Leak.

For terms, apply to

H. W. LILLY

5-23-95—tf

R. M. NIMOCKS, Fayetteville, N. C.

E. M. WELLS, Man'g'r Wil. Branch.

THE Carolina Cooperage and Veneer Co.

TRUCKERS WHO DESIRE

Shipping Packages, Crates, Barrels, &c.,

will do well to place their orders at once with A. S. HUSKE, who is authorized Agent, Fayetteville, N. C.

4-25-95

R. T. THOMAS,

successor to A. Deaver,

Butcher of Select Cattle,

Mutton and Pork in Season.

By conducting a first-class business in the section of the Market House recently vacated by the city fire department, I will strive to MERIT A SHARE OF THE PATRONAGE IN MY LINE.

Respectfully,

R. T. THOMAS

3-14-95

A. B. WILLIAMS,

COTTON :-: BUYER.

HAY STREET,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Fayetteville Cotton Seed Oil Mill,

Railroad Street,

Manufacturers of Cotton-Seed Meal and Crude Oil.

Pays highest market price for cotton-seed.

Beaver Creek and Bluff Mills,

H. W. Lilly, President,

OFFICE FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,

Manufacturers of "Lake George" AA 4-4 Sheeting, Cotton Yarn and Batting.

Mortgage Sale.

By virtue of the power and authority given by a certain mortgage, executed by Robert O Whitaker and his wife Emma H. Whitaker, which is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Cumberland County, North Carolina, in Book W, No. 4, at page 11, the following lot will be exposed for sale at public auction, viz:

The House and Lot in which the said Robert O. Whitaker now resides, the same being situated on Cool Spring Alley, adjoiniug the lot known as the E. T. McKethan residence, and the residence lots of A A. McKethan and C. D. Sedberry. For better description see the mortgage deed recorded as above stated.

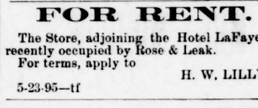
Place of Sale: Fayetteville, N. C., at the Court House door.

Time of Sale: September 27th, 1895, at 12 o'clock M.

Terms: Cash.

S. H. MACRAE, Attorney for the Mortgagee.

8-29-95



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New York, Wilmington, N. C.

—AND—

Georgetown, S. C., Lines.

FROM PIER 29, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK,

Located bet. Chambers and Roosevelt Sts.,

At 3 o'clock P. M

NEW YORK FOR WILMINGTON

ONEIDA.....Saturday, Aug 31
CROATAN.....Saturday, Sept. 7

WILMINGTON FOR NEW YORK.

CROATAN.....Saturday, Aug. 31
ONEIDA.....Saturday, Sept. 7

WILMINGTON FOR GEORGETOWN, S. C.

CROATAN.....Tuesday, Aug. 27
ONEIDA.....Tuesday, Sept. 3

Through Bills Lading and Lowest Through Rates guaranteed to and from points in North and South Carolina.

For Freight or Passage apply to

H. G. SMALLBONES
Superintendent,
Wilmington, N. C.

THEO. G. EGER, T. M., Bowling Green, N. Y.
W. P. CLYDE & CO., General Agents, 5 Bowling Green, N. Y

CAPE FEAR & YADKIN VALLEY RAIL'Y

JOHN GILL, RECEIVER.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In Effect June 23rd, 1895.

NORTH BOUND.	No. 2, Daily
Leave Wilmington,	9:05 a. m.
Arrive Fayetteville,	12:15 p. m.
Leave Fayetteville,	12:45 "
Leave Fayetteville Junction,	
Leave Sanford,	2:16 "
Leave Climax,	4:19 "
Arrive Greensboro,	4:50 "
Leave Greensboro,	5:00 "
Leave Stokesdale,	5:55 "
Arrive Walnut Cove,	6:25 "
Leave Walnut Cove,	6:30 "
Leave Rural Hall,	6:58 "
Arrive Mt. Airy,	8:25 "

SOUTH BOUND.	No. 1, Daily
Leave Mt. Airy,	7:05 a. m.
Leave Rural Hall,	8:29 "
Arrive Walnut Cove,	8:55 "
Leave Walnut Cove,	8:59 "
Leave Stokesdale,	9:28 "
Arrive Greensboro,	10:11 "
Leave Greensboro,	10:20 "
Leave Climax,	10:50 "
Leave Sanford,	12:50 p. m.
Arrive Fayetteville Junction,	
Arrive Fayetteville,	2:15 "
Leave Fayetteville,	2:45 "
Arrive Wilmington,	5:55 "

NORTH BOUND.	No. 4, Daily
Leave Bennettsville,	8:15 a. m.
Arrive Maxton,	9:20 "
Leave Maxton,	9:29 "
Leave Red Springs,	9:55 "
Leave Hope Mills,	10:35 "
Arrive Fayetteville,	10:55 "

SOUTH BOUND.	No. 3, Daily
Leave Fayetteville,	4:05 p. m.
Leave Hope Mills,	4:54 "
Leave Red Springs,	5:40 "
Arrive Maxton,	6:12 "
Arrive Bennettsville,	7:20 "

NORTH BOUND.	No. 16, Mixed, Daily Except Sunday.
Leave Rameur,	5:50 a. m
Leave Climax,	7:35 "
Arrive Greensboro,	8:20 "
Leave Greensboro,	9:15 "
Leave Stokesdale,	10:50 "
Arrive Madison	11:50 "

SOUTH BOUND.	No. 15, Mixed, Daily Except Sunday.
Leave Madison,	12:30 p. m.
Leave Stokesdale,	1:35 "
Arrive Greensboro,	2:40 "
Leave Greensboro,	3:00 "
Leave Climax,	4:20 "
Arrive Rameur,	6:00 "

NORTH BOUND CONNECTIONS

at Fayetteville with Atlantic Coast Line for all points North and East, at Sanford with the Seaboard Air Line, at Greensboro with the Southern Railway Company, at Walnut Cove with the Norfolk & Western Railroad for Winston-Salem

SOUTH BOUND CONNECTIONS

at Walnut Cove with the Norfolk & Western Railroad for Roanoke and points North and West, at Greensboro with the Southern Railway Company for Raleigh, Richmond and all points North and East, at Fayetteville with the Atlantic Coast Line for all points South, at Maxton with the Seaboard Air Line for Charlotte, Atlanta and all points South and Southwest, at Wilmington with the Wilmington Seacoast Railroad for Wrightsville and Ocean View.

Trains No. 1 and 2 dinner at Fayetteville.

W. E. KYLE,
General Passenger Agent.

J. W. FRY, General Manager.

Wilmington & Weldon R. R.

AND BRANCHES

AND FLORENCE RAILROAD

Condensed Schedule.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

DATED Jan. 27, 1895	No. 23 Daily.	No. 35. Daily.	No. 41. Daily.
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Leave Weldon..	11 53	9 27	.....
Ar. Rocky Mount	12 57	10 20	.....
Leave Tarboro..	12 20	.....	.....
Lv Rocky Mount	1 05	10 20	6 00
Leave Wilson...	2 03	11 03	.....
Leave Selma....	2 53	.....	.....
Lv. Fayetteville	4 30	12 53	.....
Arrive Florence.	7 15	3 00	.....

	No. 47 Daily.
	P. M.
Leave Wilson...	2 08
Leave Goldboro.	2 55
Leave Magnolia.	4 02
Ar. Wilmington.	5 30
	P. M.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

DATED Jan. 27, 1895.	No. 78. Daily.	No. 32. Daily.	No. 40. Daily.
	A. M.	P. M.	
Leave Florence	8 15	7 15	.....
Lv. Fayetteville	10 55	9 19	.....
Leave Selma....	12 32	.....	.....
Arrive Wilson...	1 20	11 15	.....
Leave Tarboro..	2 48	.....	.....
	P. M.		
Lv. Wilmington.	9 20	.....	7 00
Leave Magnolia	10 56	.....	8 31
Leave Goldsboro	12 05	.....	9 40
Arrive Wilson..	1 00	.....	10 27

	No. 78 Daily.	No. 32 Daily.
	P. M.	P. M.
Leave Wilson...	1 30	11 20
Ar Rocky Mount	2 33	12 02
Arrive Tarboro.	2 48	.....
Lv Rocky Mount	2 33	12 02
Arrive Weldon..	3 48	12 54
	P. M.	A. M.

	P. M.	A. M.
	10 32	.....
	11 15	.....
	.....	.....
	.....	.....
	P. M.	A. M.

†Daily except Monday ‡Daily except Sunday.

Train on the Scotland Neck Branch Road leaves Weldon 3:48 P M, Halifax 4:05 P M, arrive Scotland Neck at 4:55 P M. Greenville 6:37 P M., Kinston 7:35 P M. Returning, leaves Kinston 7:20 A M, Greenville 8:22 A M. Arriving Halifax at 10:55 A M, Weldon 11.20 A M, daily except Sunday.

Trains on Washington Branch leave Washington 7:00 A. M., arrives Parmele 8:40 A. M., Tarboro 9:50 A M; returning leaves Tarboro 4:50 P M, Parmele 6:10 P. M., arrives Washington 7:35 P. M. Daily except Sunday. Connects with trains on Scotland Neck Branch.

Train leaves Tarboro, N C, daily except Sunday at 5:00 P M, Sunday 3:00 P M; arrives Plymouth 9:00 P M, 5:25 P M. Returning leaves Plymouth daily, except Sunday, 6:00 A M, Sunday 9:30 A M, arrive Tarboro 10:25 A M, and 11:45 A M.

Train on Midland N C Branch leaves Goldsboro daily except Sunday, 6:05 A M, arriving Smithfield 7:30 A M. Returning, leaves Smithfield 8:00 A. M; arrive Goldsboro 9:30 A M.

Train on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 4:30 P M, arrives Nashville 5:05 P M, Spring Hope 5:30 P M. Returning, leaves Spring Hope 8:00 A M, Nashville 8:35 A M, arrive Rocky Mount 9:05 A M, daily, except Sunday.

Train on Latta Branch Florence R R leave Latta 6:40 P M; arrive Dunbar 7:50 P M. Returning leave Dunbar 6:30 A M; arrive Latta 7:50 A M. Daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton, Daily, except Sunday, at 4:10 P M. Returning, leaves Clinton at 7:20 A M., connecting at Warsaw with main line trains.

Train No 78 makes close connection at Weldon for all points North daily, all rail via Richmond, and daily except Sunday via Portsmouth and Bay Line. Also at Rocky Mount with Norfolk and Carolina Railroad for Norfolk daily and all points north via Norfolk daily except Sunday.

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Plows, Harrows, Cultivators and all kinds of Agricultural Implements and Castings and Steel Shapes for the same.

IF YOU WANT ANY LEATHER GOODS SUCH AS

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do not fail to examine our stock—we have the very best goods at panic prices. We can furnish you with any part of Harness at half the price that it will cost you to have it made.

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We have in stock quite a number of the oldest and most reliable Brands and several new Brands which we offer at popular prices. We offer special inducements to car load buyers.

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ESTABLISHED 1866.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

IRON, STEEL, NAILS, HORSE AND MULE SHOES, AND HORSE SHOE NAILS,
GRINDSTONES AND FIXTURES, PUMPS AND PUMP FITTINGS,
ROPES AND TWINES, MACHINE AND CARRIAGE BOLTS,
SAW MILL AND GINNERS' SUPPLIES, WAGON, CART AND CARRIAGE MATERIALS
WELL BUCKETS AND CHAINS, PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS,
RUBBER AND LEATHER BELTINGS,

SECOND HAND GINS AND PRESSES FOR SALE CHEAP,

AND ALL SHELF HARDWARE USUALLY FOUND IN A FIRST-CLASS

HARDWARE STORE.

Guns, Rifles and Pistols a Specialty.

MY SHOPS ARE ALWAYS OPEN FOR REPAIRING

Guns, Pistols, Locks, &c., &c.

WALTER WATSON.

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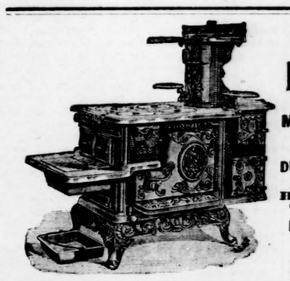

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All Modern Improvements to Lighter Housekeeping Cares.

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Every Stove Warranted Against Defects.

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LOOK! LOOK!!

Look to Your Interest!

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1st. They are MANUFACTURERS.

2nd. Their experience in MANUFACTURING enables them to know how to buy the BEST GOODS for the *least money.*

3rd The goods they buy are bought direct from MANUFACTURERS.

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To be convineed call in at their

FURNITURE STORE,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

THEY ALSO MANUFACTURE

HOUSE TRIMMINGS, MOULDINGS RAILINGS, TURNED and SAWED SCROLL WORK, BRACKETS, BALUSTERS, NEWELL POSTS and MANTELS.

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CAPITAL STOCK, - - $300,000.00.

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Geo. A. Thomson,

—GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT—

Life, Accident and Fire.

MARBLE AND GRANITE Monuments AND Headstones.

The public is cordially invited to visit my yard, where they will always find a choice collection of

Monuments

—AND—

Headstones

to select from. My workmanship stands

SECOND TO NONE

in the South, and my prices are as low as can be obtained for strictly first-class work. A large lot of DESIGNS to select from.

Very respectfully,

E. L. REMSBURG.

Prop. Fayetteville Marble and Granite Works

VIGOR OF MEN

Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.

MAGNETIC NERVINE is sold with written guarantee to restore Lost Manhood. Cures weak-ness, Nervousness, Debility and all the evils from early or later excesses, the results of overwork, worry, sickness, etc. Full strength, tone and development given every organ or portion of the body. Improvement immediately seen from the first box. Thousands of letters of praise on file in our office. Can be carried in vest pocket. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price. One month's treatment in each box. Price $1.00, 6 boxes, $5.00. Sent with Written Guarantee to refund money if not cured. Send for circular. Beware of imitations and refuse all but the Genuine. Circulars Free.

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Building Edition, monthly, $2.50 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in colors, and photographs of new houses, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest designs and secure contracts. Address MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 BROADWAY.

A Good Man Passes

Not in many years has any citizen evoked the sorrow of the whole town as did Mr. A. S. Hu

DIVERS SUBJECTS FROM WOMAN'S PEN.

WOMEN'S EDITION.

CITY BULLETIN.

"The Newspaper is the mirror of the Daily Life."

Quality and Style.

That's what Mr. Geo. Burns says you'll get if you trust to him for a livery turnout, and the "sporting," outing and traveling public, who have spun along behind his fine horses, bear out his claim. Recent improvements, Mr. Burns says, make his stables exceptionally complete, and ready for the public patronage.

To Advertisers.

It would have been gratifying to index in scores and scores of new advertisements. But as their great number would have demanded space which we can ill spare, we have designated by the letters "w s" at the bottom all that belong exclusively to the "Women's Edition." Now you can count them up, and see the work accomplished by our advertising department.

A Good Man Passes Away.

Not in many years has the departure of any citizen evoked the sincere mourning of the whole town—in the busy arena of business, where he was nearly half a century a power; in home and social life, where moved the gentleman and upright citizen; among the poor and afflicted, where his was the outstretched hand of succor—in a greater degree than the death, on Thursday morning, 5th inst., of John D. Williams.

A proper newspaper notice of the useful, stirring life of such a man demands a care and deliberation which the editorial staff of the "Women's Edition" have been unable to devote to it. Such a notice will appear in Maj. Hale's regular issue next week.

This Is Something Like.

"Figures don't lie"—testimonials sometimes do, as we, in common with the rest of the world, have aforetime discovered to our cost. But Col. T. J. Drewry, Superintendent of the Fayetteville Military Academy—who comes among us with an enviable reputation as an instructor, the reputation of his ample testimonials—is already showing his capacity in the compact organization and admirable start made by his school.

"A new broom sweeps clean;" but, unless we greatly mistake, and unless the eyes—very good judges of human nature sometimes erroneously "sized up" their new superintendent and his assistants, the Drewry school is destined to give Fayetteville just what it wants, and has lacked for a long time.

Faith in the Future.

We are not all pessimists, and now and then it is refreshing to find a man who illustrates "the faith that is within him" of forthcoming prosperity to this city by his works. The handsome new depot of the Atlantic Coast Line R. R., the colored Presbyterian church whose spire pointing heavenwards far above all others surrounding it, and new stores with large stocks of goods, are gratifying indications of the new life of upper Fayetteville; and now Mr. E. L. Clark, a prominent merchant and property-owner of that part of Fayetteville, is getting ready his brick and other material for a handsome structure, just opposite and a companion piece to the railroad building—iron front, with stores on the first floor, and the upper floor fitted up in hotel style.

Prize Winners.

Alice Haigh (a Miss of eleven years) secured the largest number of subscribers to the "Woman's Edition," which entitles her to the two pound box of Royster's Fancy Candies.

Miss Maggie Mallett receives the one-pound box of Royster's Fancy Candies for second largest number of subscribers.

Mrs. A. H. Slocomb, as the most successful canvasser for advertisements, receives the two-pound box of Tenney's Bonbons and Chocolates.

Misses Broadfoot and Morrison, with their usual success, obtained the one-pound box of Tenney's Bonbons and Chocolates for securing the second largest number of advertisements for the "Woman's Edition."

The above prizes were offered through Mr. A. S. Huske.

Our Most Cordial Thanks.

The managers of the "Woman's Edition of the Fayetteville Observer" would have their readers know how deeply they are indebted to the proprietors of the Richmond *Times* for courtesies and invaluable aid in the beautiful makeup of this paper—but a newspaper paragraph can ill express the generosity and delicacy with which this service was tendered to us.

We are also the very grateful recipients of esteemed favors from Mr. Josephus Daniels, of the Raleigh *News and Observer*, and kindnesses from Dr. Kingsbury, of the Wilmington *Messenger*, Mr. J. P. Caldwell, of the Charlotte *Observer*, and Mr. J. W. Fry, General Manager of the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railway—while to the Fayetteville Publishing Company and Mr. Yates, of the North Carolina *Baptist*, we can only say that they have substantially evinced their interest in our work as warm friends and warm Fayetteville friends only would be expected to do.

Miss Mittie Matthews leaves to-night for Pottsville, Penn., to take a situation in a hospital. Miss Bettie Evans, a former Fayetteville lady, has the superintendent's place in the same hospital.

Mr. A. H. Slocomb has returned from an extended trip North. He saw (just his good luck) the race between the Valkyrie and Defender, and graphically describes it as a thrilling spectacle.

Meeting to Secure the Female College.

Quite a number of our citizens assembled in the Town Hall on the afternoon of the 9th inst. to take preliminary steps towards the accomplishment of the above object.

On motion, Mr. H. R. Horne was called to the chair and Mr. John Roddick appointed secretary.

Rev. A. J. McKelway, at the request of the chairman, briefly and lucidly explained the object of the meeting. He stated that it was the intention of the Fayetteville Presbytery to locate and establish a female college within its bounds; that for many reasons Fayetteville was the most suitable location and that a proper effort on the part of the community might probably secure the institution. He referred to the Donaldson Academy grounds and buildings on Haymount (the property of the Presbytery) as capable of being in a measure utilized for this purpose. At the conclusion of his remarks he moved that a committee of three be appointed to wait on the trustees of the Donaldson Academy with regard to the matter. After some discussion the resolution was adopted, and the chairman subsequently appointed as the committee Rev. A. J. McKelway, Dr. T. D. Haigh and Capt. A. B. Williams.

Dr. J. W. McNeill offered a resolution which, on motion of Hon. J. G. Shaw, was amended to read as follows and adopted:

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to ascertain the amount which would be subscribed in Fayetteville in furtherance of the object of this meeting. Also to ascertain the probable number of pupils to be expected from the town, said committee to wait on the Presbytery with this information. The following gentlemen were appointed as the committee: Hon. J. G. Shaw, Rev. A. J. McKelway, A. A. McKethan and N. A. Sinclair. The above resolution evoked much discussion, participated in by Messrs. H. McD. Robinson, H. L. Cook, Capt. A. B. Williams, Hon. J. G. Shaw, Doctors Haigh and McNeill, W. D. Gaster and others. On motion, the meeting adjourned.

We are glad to know that the soliciting committee have met with very gratifying encouragement.

Our Schools.

We are glad to learn that Miss Mallett's school on Rowan street opened on Monday, September 2nd, with thirty-six, and we believe it may reasonably be expected that the number will greatly increase as the term advances. Miss Mallett is well known among us as a teacher of great ability and thoroughness; and, with the able assistance of Miss Mattie McSwain and Miss Marion Mallett, the pupils cannot fail to make all possible progress during the coming year. Music is taught in the school by Miss Mary Worth, whose knowledge of this fine art and faculty of imparting that knowledge have been proved by her success both here and elsewhere. Miss McSwain expects shortly to begin a course in stenography and typewriting, the only study except that of instrumental music for which extra charge is made. We hope Miss McSwain will have a large class in this most useful study. We congratulate the teachers of the school on their good beginning, and wish them every success in their work.

Mrs. Fannie Morrow's "School for Girls and Conservatory of Music," is delightfully situated on Haymount, and its location is one of the healthiest and most attractive in North Carolina. The school is a most excellent one and offers a full course in all studies, and especially in music. The pupils receive diplomas upon completing the full course. Special attention is given to vocal and instrumental music. The principal is Mrs. Fannie Morrow. She is one of the most gifted, cultivated and experienced teachers in the State for piano and voice. Mrs. Morrow will be remembered by old pupils in the State as Mrs. Fannie Johnson Morrow, of St. Mary's (Raleigh), and of Oxford.

The school of Mesdames Utley and McNeill opened its fall session on Monday, September 9th, with unusually bright prospects. Both are ladies of excellent ability as teachers and have always kept the school up to the highest standard. It is strictly select, and their patrons are justly proud to have such a school for their children where they are shielded from everything rough, and receive the most cultured influence.

Misses Ellison's school on Dick street reopened on September 9th, with the usual number of pupils in attendance, and fair prospects of *much* good, earnest work for teachers and pupils during the coming year.

"The Star of the (Y)East."

Mr. H. R. Horne, prominent druggist and Vice President of the North Carolina Pharmaceutical Association, is not of Herculean stature, but there is no saying that he may not become a veritable Anak in time—for he is certainly the "rising" man of Fayetteville, as scores of grateful housekeepers can testify, and do testify in to-day's advertisement of the Carolina Baking Powder.

What need to us of certificates and analyses of foreign baking powders, when we have his word—as good as any man's bond—that the preparation is pure, and that we can introduce it to our flour trays with safety? "Jack the Giant Killer" is in the field with his powerful weapon against the monsters, Dyspepsia and Indigestion, and "Horne's Baking Powder" should be household words in every family seeking to secure health and wholesome domesticlife.

Woman's Sphere.

They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had no limit;
There's not a place on earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life or death or birth
That has a feather's weight of worth
Without a woman in it.

THE OLD ARSENAL.

The Beginning of the "Tug of War"—The Stirring Times of 1861—Down with the Stripes.

BY MRS. S. P. BRYAN.

On memory's tablet one day stands out like a stone dividing the waters, separating the past from the present, the old times from the new, the peaceful ante-bellum times from the new regime. That is the day of the taking of the U. S. Arsenal by the State, the first overt act of our Cumberland people. Then it was we knew that war had indeed begun and the old times gone never to return.

The Arsenal of Construction at Fayetteville was situated on a level plateau on the summit of Haymount, a location familiar to all. The grounds formed a large square with an imposing hexagonal tower at each corner; in the centre was a large four story building used as a depository for arms.

The square was surrounded by buildings of fine architecture, officers' quarters, barracks, machine shops, etc., inclosed by a brick wall surmounted by an iron railing; the whole was painted the government color (buff) trimmed with brown stone.

The site is now only marked by a few scattered stones, the broken *debris* of a once noble and beautiful group of buildings. It commanded the town. At the time it was garrisoned by only one company of artillery, well armed and equipped, but probably not provisioned at all.

All through the South the forts and arsenals were being taken possession of by the State authorities, and soon after President Lincoln's proclamation calling for troops North Carolina decided that it was time to occupy hers.

Some days were spent in active preparation, bullets were moulded, cartridges were made, women and children assisting. The militia companies from the various precincts were drilling and arming themselves with any weapon that came to hand. At last the eventful day came.

The Arsenal was under the command of Capt. J. A. J. Bradford, the troops by Lieut. J. A. DeLagnel, Major S. R. Anderson who had been in command having resigned. Lieut DeLagnel resigned later, after he had taken the company under his command to Washington.

By sunrise the militia began to come into town. At last the column moved and rested on the summit of Haymount by 11 o'clock.

The troops were commanded by Gen Draughon and the Hon. Warren Winslow, the column reaching from below the Donaldson Academy to Judge MacRae's, about 1,100 strong.

Capt. James Strange commanded the cavalry. The non-combatants were divided into two classes—those who ran away, fearing a conflict, and those who pressed to the houses and yards near the Arsenal, determined to see whatever was going on.

The fortification appeared quite formidable, with six brass howitzers ranged in front of the centre building.

A message was sent, Maj. Wright and Capt. Benjamin Huske bearing it, demanding the surrender of the Arsenal in the name of the State of North Carolina.

COL. JULIAN S. CARR.

Lieut. De Lagnel returned with them and reviewed the troops, with the view of ascertaining if resistance was practicable, saying he would lay his bones there rather than do anything dishonorable. As the forces, though poorly armed, were sufficient to surround the Arsenal, and eventually compel its surrender, the demand was acceded to, with the stipulation that the troops should retain their muskets and should not be molested on the way to Washington.

Accordingly, after a salute of thirty-one guns had been fired with rapidity and precision by the U. S. troops the stars and stripes were pulled down. The stars and bars—then the flag of the new Confederacy—were run up the lofty flag-staff that stood within the walls of the Arsenal, the State troops firing a salute of eleven guns slowly and with difficulty, with some rusty cannon in their possession.

THE COLONIAL DAMES AND DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Two patriotic societies have been organized among American women during the past few years—"The Colonial Dames" and the "Daughters of the Revolution." The aims of each may be stated in about the same words, namely: "To diffuse healthful intelligent information in whatever concerns the past and tends to create a popular interest in American history, and the spirit of patriotism: to seek to inspire genuine love of country, and to do justice and honor to our ancestors whose achievements are beyond praise."

The Colonial Dames, as their name implies, go further back than the Daughters of the Revolution. The woman who would be a "Dame" must be descended from ancestors who came to this country not later than 1750. The Daughters of the Revolution are the descendants of those who fought in the war for Independence and of course must be able to give satisfactory evidence of their descent. Chapters of these societies have been formed in nearly all the States.

The Colonial Dames were organized in 1890, in New York, by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb. Their president is Mrs. W. Van Rensallass. The Daughters of the Revolution also had their beginning in New York. The president is Mrs. Edward Paulet Steeres. The Regent for the latter society for North Carolina is Mrs. Spier Whitaker, of Raleigh, *nee* Miss F. DeB. Hooper. She has issued a circular in the interests of the association, replete with noble sentiments, which covers the whole ground, and which is good reading for every body, whether personally interested in the subject or not. All organizations intended to ennoble, elevate or refine should receive the encouragement of woman; so we would say to our sisters, look back to your ancestors; if there be one who has served his country in field or council, let not his deeds be forgotten. It is your special duty to preserve the knowledge of them, in justice to him and for an example to those that come after.

A society of that kind would be useful in this place for the purpose of gathering, in succinct form, a history of this town and county during the Revolution, and for the preservation of relics. The historical facts are obtainable, but they are scattered in a score of different places, in histories of the State and of the United States, in old records and in local traditions.

A candidate for membership must be proposed by one member of the association and seconded by another. One must also be *invited* to join, not apply for membership. Of course such societies flourish most in cities where there are numbers of women of wealth and leisure, to interest themselves in them. It must also be noted that ancestry and high character alone are considered, that a woman is engaged in earning her livelihood is rather to her credit than otherwise. Such sentiments, held by a large and influential class of people, will no doubt serve in the end to leaven the body politic, and elevate the tone of society.

DECORATIVE ART.

It Beautifies Without Changing—Old Masters Were Decorators—The Decorative Art of To-Day.

BY MRS. E. L. REMSBURG.

The question naturally arises: What is the difference between what is known as fine art and that spoken of as decorative art? In the minds of many I think the erroneous idea exists that "decorative art" is unworthy the attention of a true artist; those, however, who will study the works of Phidias, Michael Angelo or Raphael, will find that some of their choicest productions are decorative in character.

That alone is decorative which adds beauty to an object without modifying its form and above all without ignoring it. The decoration should then be suited to that which it is intended to ornament. A picture framed in the usual way and hung on the wall is not considered decorative, for it is intended to be looked at by itself and not in connection with some other objects.

The artists of Egypt, Persia and Greece carried decorative design to the highest degree of perfection; their conventionalization of flowers and leaves, as seen in their architecture, was so replete with grace and elegance that some have considered nothing left to modern art but to imitate. Still, while the subject was fresher to the old masters, there is yet room in the field for new combinations.

To my mind, to be a decorative artist in the highest sense, one must have a peculiar species of talent, a quickness to perceive harmony in color and form, and a sense of adaptability. True, the work must be simpler in execution; that is, nature must not be followed too closely in minor details, to produce the best effects; the design must be brought out with a firm, clear touch. As in language, so in design: the strength gained by simplicity is the most difficult of attainment.

One of the most distinguished linguists in this country, a Professor in a Theological Seminary, went out to preach to a plain, untutored congregation in the mountains, and was followed for several Sundays by different students; so finally the request came that the congregation have that "ignorant old man" (the Professor) to preach to them again, as they could not understand those "larned young gentlemen" who had been preaching to them; so it takes a master to be simple yet effective.

The chief branches of decorative art taught in the schools of to-day are wood-carving, hammered brass, designing for wall papering, carpets and prints of different kinds, and, most popular of all, the decoration of pottery, china and glass. None of these, I may say, are new, for we hear of "skilled workers in brass" in the time of Solomon, and the inner walls of the temple were of carved wood overlaid with gold. While we congratulate ourselves that our appliances for such work have reached great perfection, one of the most beautiful pieces of carving I ever saw is a picture frame made by a Chinaman with his pocket knife. The carpets and tapestries of the Turks and Moors have never been surpassed in elegance of design and richness of color—while the vases of ancient Greece were poems in themselves, so graceful and beautiful were they. To the Bohemians has been justly assigned the pre-eminence in the coloring and painting of glass; while in china decoration Dresden takes the lead.

And now I want to close this brief and necessarily incomplete article (because the subject is such a broad one) with a few practical remarks. What I have said applies chiefly to the originating of decorative designs. Now I want to say to those who are not so fortunate as to be able to originate; yet, with a limited knowledge of art, wish to use it in making the home attractive, do so by all means, but in doing so use taste. Cultivate what taste you have by observation and thought; select good designs to copy, and do not overload the object to be decorated by a design too large for it; something simple, treated simply, will have a much more pleasing effect than a design worked out with laborious detail.

Graceful lettering with some appropriate quotation may be made effective; for example, these words painted in white and old gold on a terra cotta back-ground around a sitting-room fireplace; "East, West, Home is Best," and this on the wall of a dining room:

"Some have meat and can nae eat,
Some can eat and have nae meat,
But we have meat and we can eat, so God be praised."

Let me urge all who read this to use all the taste that they possess in decorating the house and making it as attractive as possible, for the moral effect of a cheerful, attractive home is more than we can calculate.

WOMAN'S MOST ADMIRABLE TRAIT.

"The Lords of Creation" Discuss It in Laconisms, Epigrams and Short Sentences.

Col. Pemberton—Contentment.
Mr. W. F. Leak—Love for home.
Dr. McDuffie—Submissiveness.
Mr. John B. Broadfoot—Sincerity.
Maj. John N. Prior—Politeness.
Mr. T. J. Whitted—Modesty.
Mr. G. W. Lake—Amiability.
Mr. D. H. Ray—Liberality.
Mr. W. B. McMillan—Benevolence.
Mr. J. C. Haigh—Love for her husband.
Col. C. W. Broadfoot—Modesty.
Mr. T. F. Moore—Contentment.
Mr. Charles Glover—Truthfulness.
Dr. Highsmith—Neatness with chastity.
B. E. Sedberry—Charity.
Mr. Malcolm Matthews—Gentleness.
Mr. H. R. Novitzky—Unselfishness.
Dr. E. L. Hunter—Love.
Rev. A. J. McKelway—Sincerity.
Capt. J. M. Walker—Integrity.
Mr. J. R. Boyd—Truthfulness.
Dr. J. W. McNeill—Her influence for good in the home.
Mr. W. L. Hawley.—Her self-sacrificing spirit and unswerving devotion to those whom she loves.
Mr. A. H. Slocomb—Amiability.
Mr. E. J. Lilly—Modesty.
Mr. A. E. Rankin—To stay at home and attend to her own business.
Mr. A. Broadfoot—Love.
Mr. H. E. Evans—Beauty.
Mr. J. Cooper Stedman—Hang on and growl.
Mr. F. R. Rose—Purity.
E. R. Robey—Sympathy.
Mr. Chas. McLauchlin—Love.
Mr. W. G. Hall—Contentment.
Mr. H. J. Marsh—Modesty.
Mr. W. E. Kyle—Modesty.
Mr. R. W. Bidgood—Piety.
Mr. E. J. Hale, Jr.—Amiability.
Mr. John A. Oates—Her devotion as friend, as a sweetheart, as a wife, as a mother, as a Christian, to the heroes of the lost but living cause.
Mr. Duncan Rose—Amiability.
Maj. W. F. Campbell—Sincerity.
Mr. A. J. Cook—Demonstrativeness.
Dr. H. W. Lilly—Her ability to keep a secret.
Mr. Thos. Rose—Good disposition.
Mr. W. G. Moore—Sincerity.
Mr. George Underwood—Truthfulness.
Mr. A. B. Williams, Jr.—Her inclination to be confidential.
Mr. A. S. Rose—Fondness for milk shakes.
Mr. J. B. Tillinghast—Her own sweet self.
Mr. Henry Pemberton—"Her fairest virtues fly from public sight; domestic worth shuns too strong a light."

Thousands of Women
SUFFER UNTOLD MISERIES.
BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR,
ACTS AS A SPECIFIC
By Arousing to Healthy Action all her Organs.
It causes health to bloom, and joy to reign throughout the frame.
... It Never Fails to Regulate ...
"My wife has been under treatment of leading physicians three years, without benefit. After using three bottles of BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR she can do her own cooking, milking and washing."
N. S. BRYAN, Henderson, Ala.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.
Sold by druggists at $1.00 per bottle.

'La Tosca'
Has NO EQUAL
AS A
CLEANSING
AND
COMPLEXION
SOAP.
—o—
IT IS THE BEST
FOR
MEN,
WOMEN
AND CHILDREN,
BECAUSE IT IS
PURE,
AND WILL NOT INJURE THE SKIN.
☞ MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
ENTERPRISE SOAP WORKS,
NASHVILLE, TENN.
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In Diversity of Products,
In Healthfulness,
In Mildness AND Equability of Climate,
In Nearness to Markets,
In Schools, Churches and Other Needs of an Advanced Civilization,
—AND—
In All That Goes to Make Life Worth Living,
—THE TERRITORY OF THE—
Atlantic -:- -:-
-:- -:- Coast Line
IS PREEMINENT.

Here are some of the staple crops of the different sections of this area:

All VEGETABLES and SMALL FRUITS,
PEACHES,
PEARS,
GRAPES,
FIGS,
And Other Fruits.

WHEAT,
CORN,
OATS,
And Other Grains.

TOBACCO,
COTTON,
PEANUTS,
HAY,
RICE.

The policy of the Atlantic Coast Line is to foster all developments along its line. IT IS THE GREATEST TRUCKING ROAD IN AMERICA, and it provides every facility for getting farm, garden and orchard products to the Northern markets in best possible condition, in shortest time, and at lowest rates.

In no part of the country is there a greater abundance of game and fish than in the eastern counties of North and South Carolina.

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Traffic Manager.

H. M. EMERSON,
Asst. Gen. Freight Agent,
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IMPORTING RETAILERS AND JOBBERS OF—
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BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING,
LINENS,
CURTAINS,
UPHOLSTERY,
MILLINERY,
LACES,
LADIES',
MISSES',
CHILDREN'S,
BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING.

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FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.
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A Delightful Winter Resort on the Atlantic Coast Line,
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MANUFACTURERS OF
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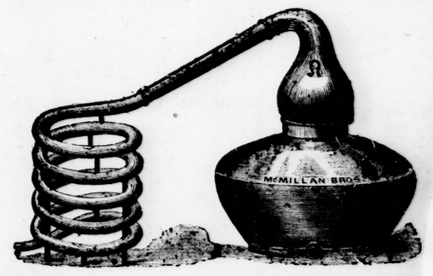

New Stills, Worms, Caps and Arms always in stock. Old Stills taken in exchange for New Ones. Circles for Bottoms and all size Patches, together with all kinds of Still Fixtures. Furnace Doors, Grate Bars, Glue and Steamer Kettles kept in stock. Work through the country promptly attended to, and all communications answered promptly.
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It affords me pleasure to say I hold policy No. 1 in the Staunton Life Insurance Company for $3,000, issued to me at the time of its organization in 1883. I have every reason to believe the Company to be in a good financial condition and specially prosperous. I do not hesitate to recommend it to my friends as in every way worthy of their patronage.
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